



Texaco scientists found way to Break Isobutane Bottleneck to speed Production of 100-octane Aviation Gasoline

Millions upon millions of gallons of fine 100-octane gasoline are required to keep America's vast air armadas flying.

One of the difficulties in producing this vast quantity of gasoline was this:

It takes a gallon of isobutane to produce four gallons of aviation gasoline. And until recently, isobutane had to be made by a slower, time-consuming process. That bottleneck was broken.

Texaco Research has developed a new

but already vitally important "liquid catalyst" process for converting plentiful butane into precious isobutane. A process that can operate continuously, without periodic shutdowns. It requires less plant equipment than any previous process.

After the war is won, this typical development of Texaco Research will put lightning getaway, smoother pick-up, unprecedented power into your new car! And more miles per gallon!



Coming ... a finer FIRE-CHIEF gasoline and a finer Sky Chief gasoline because of Texaco's work in this war

PRESIDENT TAFT GAVE THE STARTING SIGNAL

IT is June 1, 1909. For weeks the newspapers have been full of the exciting story. Now, before the New York City Hall five "horseless carriages"—an Acme, a Shawmut, an Itala and two Model-T Fords—are standing hub to hub.

Anxiously mechanics make final adjustments. Then, from the White House, President Taft flashes the starting signal. America's first transcontinental auto race is under way!

West of St. Louis, seven-day rains had turned the country roads into quagmires. Across the prairies and in Colorado average speeds were cut to ten miles an hour.

At Cheyenne, Wyoming, the big

Itala quit the race. The others plowed on. Near the summit of the Cascades they fought their way against towering snow drifts.

Days later, Ford Car Number 2 the winner—entered the gates of Seattle's Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. It had crossed the continent in 22 days and 55 minutes, with New York air still in the two front tires!

As he awarded the trophy Colonel M. Robert Guggenheim said:

"Mr. Ford's theory that a light-weight car, highly powered...can go places where heavier cars cannot go, and can beat heavier cars costing five and six times as much, on the steep hill or on bad roads, has been proved. I believe Mr. Ford has the solution of the probem of the popular automobile."

The proof of that statement no longer rests in a single car which won a race, but in the 30 million cars and trucks Ford has built since then. And today millions of them are providing reliable, economical transportation for wartime America.

Meanwhile the inventive genius and the precision skills associated with the name *Ford* continue to serve the nation in the mass production of giant aircraft and other means to victory.

In the days of peace ahead, Ford's resourcefulness in developing new ideas and new methods will again produce soundly-engineered motor cars, priced within the reach of the largest number of people.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY







ENDURING

THE mellow charms of great melodies live on—through changing times and tastes.

So it is with Old Grand-Dad - the mellow melody of bourbon at its best.

It sings of golden grain, ripening in the sunshine; of patient years spent in soothing oak; of good fellowship, good times, good taste-so gloriously good that the tongue is loath to lose each lingering drop.

Thus has Old Grand-Dad become Head of the Bourbon Family. One taste will tell you why!

BOTTLED IN BOND AT FULL 100 PROOF

Head of the Bourbon Family)

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY This Whiskey is 4 Years Old National Distillers Products Corporation, N Y.



THE AMERICAN LEGION

JULY, 1944 VOLUME 37 · No. 1

MAGAZINE

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War Bond Report By DANIEL J. DOHERTY

Past National Commander, Treasury National Representative

HE American Legion will be in the I forefront of the Fifth War Loan Campaign, which as these lines were written late in May was still three weeks in the offing, but which will be more than half over as you read these words. The sales period opens on June 12th, closes on July 8th. The goal for this priod is SIXTEEN BILLION DOL-LARS, the highest yet.

At the close of this report of what the Legion did in the First Four War (Continued on page 5)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the National Legionnaire in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the National Legionnaire is four cents, in an unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

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IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 51.

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The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names

The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



Courteous
Calm
and
Comnetent

These are traditions of the telephone business.

The courtesy born of competence and the calm, sure speed that comes from knowing how.

Learned in peace, these are valuable traits in war when Bell System people are under more pressure than ever before.

Even in today's rush and hurry, "The Voice With a Smile" keeps right on being a part of telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



When you're calling over war-busy lines, the Long Distance operator may ask you to "please limit your call to 5 minutes." That's to help more calls get through during rush periods.



while much general discussion is going on about after the war, we stick to one theme—producing*enough of what's needed to win it. When we do start planning Kitchen Equipment for the AMERICAN home it will embody many lessons this experience has taught us.

*JEEP BODIES, TRAILERS, OUTER WINGS, TOP CENTER SECTIONS, TOP TURRET DECKS FOR FAMOUS LIBERATOR, OUTER WINGS FOR VULTEE VENGEANCE DIVE BOMBER, MANIFOLDS.

Photo shows huge jigs on overhead conveyor for expediting production of Liberator bomber wings.





CENTRAL

CORPORATION

CONNERSVILLE · INDIANA

The United Nations were battling on French soil as these lines were written on the morning of June 6th. Like the fighting that developed at Salerno, and on the Anzio beachhead, the going was tough, with the enemy resolutely determined to wipe out our first echelons and drive the remnants of those that followed into the sea. But as in those earlier operations our stout-hearted soldiers and those of our allies took everything the krauts threw at them and consolidated their gains, at a heavy cost in lives, and went on from strength to strength. We shall take Paris as we took Naples and Rome, and press forward to the heart of Germany, while from the south and east other forces of the conquering allies tighten the cord that one day will strangle the foul beasts of Ber-

There will probably be other landings from the west. All that we knew on the morning of June 6th was that our men were once again fighting on the holy soil of France. Americans and Britons and the other free peoples of the earth have joined with Frenchmen to liberate that soil from the hated invader. Surely this June 6th of 1944 will go down in history with those June days of Runnymede and Bunker Hill. As our men go forward, remembering Lafayette, Rochambeau, Foch, Pershing and Haig, they will carry in their hearts the song of France's liberation:

Ye sons of France, awake to glory! Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise? Your children, wives and grandsires hoary, Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band, Affright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding? To arms! to arms! ye brave! The avenging sword unsheathe; March on! March on! all hearts resolved

On victory or death.

France's long night is over. The battle is joined. There can be but one ending-complete victory.

WAR BOND REPORT

(Continued from page 2)

Loans Campaigns was a chart showing what each Department had done. Then on the morning of June 6th came the story of the Allied landings in France: The table went out the window. The totals showed that 7,007 Posts around the country reported sales, that Posts bought for themselves a total of \$20,784,619, and that individual purchases by Legionnaires were \$607,203,-731.

I hardly need say that with our comrades facing the enemy on historic French soil in a battle that will end only when the Axis is completely crushed, the reasons for supporting the Fifth War Loan Campaign are immediate, pressing, compelling.

ON FRENCH SOIL THE United Nations were battling Ton French soil as these lines were

Guarantees* You a Clean, Comfortable Shave with

NO RAZOR BURN!



LET'S ASK FOR THOSE BASES

BY WARREN H. ATHERTON

National Commander, The American Legion

We are giving our all to secure peace on earth and good-will among men.

Sons, daughters, husbands and wives, steel, oil, food, medicine, ships, planes, tanks and guns are being poured into the fight without stint. We will continue to give until the victory is won.

Victory will be ours because at every crossroads of the world there is an American sea base, air base or land base.

Our fleets sailing from these bases are choking the Hun and the Jap into submission.

Our planes flying from these bases are blasting Nazi-ism and Shinto-ism from the face of the earth.

Our men fighting from these bases are driving Hitler and Tojo back into their cesspools.

Because we have these bases and the ships and the planes and the men and munitions, the war will be won.

When the war has been won, the peace must be kept.

Those same bases which make victory certain will be needed to insure peace.

Our cruisers of the air and of the sea must have these bases through which to exchange American good-will and American goods for the friendliness and the merchandise of the people of the world. We are paying in blood, in material and in money to establish these bases. Now is the time to assert the right to use them forever in the interest of commerce and good-will and peace.

It's a fine thing to help the other fellow win this war.

It's a fine thing to help the other fellow to get on his feet.

It will be a better thing to make sure that we stay on our own feet.

We have built bases in Trinidad, in Greenland, in Iceland, in Caledonia and in Africa. Americans are fighting and dying and paying for them today. The Americans of tomorrow should have the right to use them for Americans' benefit and Americans' security.

Let's stop being schoolboys, ashamed to speak up for ourselves. Marshal Stalin has made it plain that he is for Russia come hell or high water. Mr. Churchill said that he did not become Prime Minister to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire. Let us say to the world in plain words that we are first of all for America and that we expect to use the ports and bases and sea-lanes and airways, established by the sacrifice of American lives and American savings, for the benefit and protection of America!



Continental Motors Corporation

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN



IT MUSTN'T bite the hand that throws it



This is a hand grenade. When you pull the firing pin and release the lever you have only the length of time it takes the fuse to burn down to get rid of it or get away from there—and that's only a handful of seconds!

If you made hand grenades, or used them, you'd want to be mighty sure about those fuses.

You can be. The fuse of this grenade, and thousands of others just like it, was individually X-rayed while passing down a production line at the rate of 4000 an hour. When a bad fuse showed up, something equivalent to the signal for a four-alarm fire took place. A bell rang, a red light

flashed, the bad fuse was automatically daubed with red paint, and finally, to make assurance doubly sure that the bad fuse didn't slip through, it was recorded on the chart of a photoelectric meter.

From sorting oranges for California fruit growers to sorting hand grenades is quite a step—but it is typical of the new wartime jobs G-E scientists and engineers have put X rays to work on. It is also typical of the application of G.E.'s peacetime research and engineering to war.

Nearly twenty years ago Dr. William D. Coolidge, now G-E vice-president and Director of the Research Laboratory, developed the Coolidge X-ray tube—one of the most important developments of all time in science and medicine. In the years that followed, he and other scientists and engineers worked steadily to improve this almost magical tool of research and healing.

Then came the war, and the X ray in its latest and most powerful form

became almost overnight a vital tool of war production, testing for hidden flaws no human eyes could reveal the metals on which the strength and endurance of our arms depend.

Which makes the X ray another good example of the way G-E research and engineering work to meet America's needs—constantly, in unexpected ways—in war and peace. General Electric Co., Schenectady, N.Y.



The G-E million-volt X ray cuts from hours to minutes the time required to examine metal parts—from airplane crankshafts to turbine shells.

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC — "The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.







The Italian head doctor arrived, wiping his hands on a bloody apron

AMG Takes Over

As Told to W. L. WHITE

Author of "They Were Expendable" and "Queens Die Proudly"

E WENT into this particular town at dawn," said the AMG major,*
"and even before we got there in our jeeps we could see there was trouble ahead, because over its rooftops we could count ten fires still burn
An officer of the American Military Government of occupied territories, who requests that his name be withheld.

ing. Otherwise it looked like any other Sicilian town of 30,000 — gray-yellow and dirty, sitting in the middle of a dusty plain with blue mountains beyond. General Montgomery's army had passed through it the night before, and in the distance you could still hear their heavy guns.

"With me in the jeep was Captain Andrew Malatesta of Syracuse, New York, who is a civil affairs officer like myself. Andy was most useful because he spoke the language like a native and understood and loved the people; yet he never forgot that he was an

American officer. He and I were to stay in the town only about a day, to organize things generally; then we would push on, leaving a permanent AMG officer in charge.

"Our forces had learned that it was important to get AMG into a captured town quickly so that there wouldn't be any interregnum. You see, after their

Illustrated by G. VAN WERVEKE

own army has gone, these people won't recognize the authority of their local police until we tell them they must.

"As we drove through the narrow streets, hunting for the town hall square, the city seemed deserted except for a few people despondently poking in the ruins of bombed houses, or holding a battered family picture, or standing by a body they had pulled out in the street. All along our route there were bodies lying in the street.

"When we got to the square, however, there were several hundred people milling around in front of the Municipio, where some British Military Police, left behind temporarily by General Montgomery, were installed in the deserted headquarters of the Carabinieri, the Italian state police. These MP's told us that the mayor, who was a fascist, had skipped with the Germans, but that they had rounded up an Italian police official and were dealing with him.

"It was a nasty situation—those 10 fires burning, about 125 bodies sweltering under the rubble in that July heat,

(Continued on page 31)

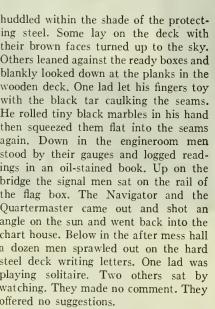


UR orders were to find the enemy and destroy him. The navigator spotted our objective with an X mark on his chart, and that night a small task force of cruisers and destroyers steamed out of the harbor. Sometime the following night, we were to intercept the Tokio Express somewhere in the waters of the Solomons, somewhere near the spot marked X.

At noon the next day our cruiser was still digging her heels deep into the sea and lifting her bow like the nose of a hound sure of the scent. She pushed on with a smooth steady speed. There was barely a trace of roll and the flat sea caused no pitch. Save for the monotonous moaning of her turbines, all was quiet. A thin wisp of cigarette-like smoke rolled off the back of the stacks and vanished in the air. Lookouts stood motionless with their arms resting shoulder high on the gun shields. The gun crews

huddled within the shade of the protecting steel. Some lay on the deck with their brown faces turned up to the sky. Others leaned against the ready boxes and blankly looked down at the planks in the wooden deck. One lad let his fingers toy with the black tar caulking the seams. He rolled tiny black marbles in his hand then squeezed them flat into the seams again. Down in the engineroom men stood by their gauges and logged readings in an oil-stained book. Up on the bridge the signal men sat on the rail of the flag box. The Navigator and the Quartermaster came out and shot an angle on the sun and went back into the chart house. Below in the after mess hall a dozen men sprawled out on the hard steel deck writing letters. One lad was playing solitaire. Two others sat by watching. They made no comment. They offered no suggestions.

The officers' wardroom was practically deserted. Two junior lieutenants sat by





A blinding flash of fire roared from the great guns



a card table smoking and mouthing their coffee. A young ensign stretched out on the long black leather couch and gazed at the overhead. A negro mess boy wiped some crumbs off a table. He looked emptily about the room and sauntered back into the galley.

WENT to my room and tried to write a letter to my wife, but somehow I could not help writing things ominous between the lines. I tore the letter up. I wrote a brief note to her and carefully placed it in my wallet. So intent was I in this act I failed to notice a tall sailor lad standing in my doorway. It was not until he spoke that I looked up.

"Pardon me, Chaplain, but I came to see if I could have another of those little white bibles."



"I knelt beside many a lad I had come to love. I held their hands and listened to their words as they passed on to that other world"

There was a slight moist redness about his eyes.

"F COURSE you may," I replied, bending to the drawer under the desk where I kept a supply of New Testaments, hundreds of which had been given to the chaplains by the Gideon Society for distribution to our men.

Seeming to think he needed an explanation for this request, he added, "I sent the other one you gave me to my mother—I want this one for myself, if it isn't asking too much."

I handed him a little pocket testament. His face lit up in a gracious smile. Le wanted to say something but only blinked his wet eyes, drew his lips in

hard and then he turned slowly away.

I, too, wanted to say something, but somehow it seemed as if we just had finished a long conversation and had come to a perfect understanding, one with the other.

I called softly, "God bless you, lad."
He paused, and looked back. His big
bony hands held tightly the little book.
He just nodded his head and walked
away. It was the last time I ever saw him.

CRAWLED up into my bunk and tried to sleep. I knew I couldn't sleep but resting there was good anyway. I wished the day were over, and the night were here. I shot glances at the small alarm clock above the locker. The hands

Illustrated by JOHN F. GOULD

seemed paralyzed. I wondered if all through that ship hundreds of other men were doing the same thing I was doing—thinking of home, of wife and children. What would happen to them if . . . ?

I got up and went topside.

The sharp prow of the sleek cruiser knifed the sea and the bow wave reached almost to the main deck. Aft the great propellers churned the snowy wake level with the fan-tail. A thousand yards off the port quarter a destroyer raced along with us at high speed. Her prow was high and her stern bit deep into the sea. She looked like a speed boat.

(Continued on page 44)

Neither Desert Sands Nor Unfriendly Arabs Were Going to Keep Him from Getting Her "the Most Beautiful Bracelets in the World"

HE camel track dipped into a wadi and disappeared. Beyond the wadi the desert rose in empty, uneven folds of sand that seemed to drift into oceans in the blazing afternoon. Dan halted the jeep.

"Lost, sir, but where at?" the corporal demanded.

Dan lighted a cigarette. There were four more in his pack. That did not worry him so much. The water did, though. There was a little left in the bottom of the five gallon tin for he still could hear it swish when he shook the can. There was also half a canteen.

"Not lost exactly," Dan said, hoping to sound easy about it. "Just plenty damn mislaid." The corporal tried to spit but his mouth was too dry. "All for huntin' Beer-sheba! And why we want Beer-sheba?"

He mispronounced the word both times. Dan passed it up. He'd tried all day to make this guy say it right. "Not Beer. Ber." It wasn't any use. He got out his map and restudied it. He could not tell the corporal or anybody else why he had come this way, but come he had, and by golly he was going on.

The idea hadn't seemed crazy at the start. Not very, anyway. And he had completed his military mission first, right quickly, too. They had started out early yesterday to find a plane that had failed to turn up, westbound from Habbaniya for Cairo. The ack-ack squads along the big ditch hadn't seen it. Headquarters checked them all, from Suez to Said. So it was down somewhere in the desert in the Sinai hills. Not very far east, either. Islamia radio had picked up the signal when the pilot was no more than an hour from Cairo.

The corporal had sighted it first, late yesterday afternoon, a twisted, fire-blackened mess against a desert hill. Dan sent the bad news back by the transmitter in the jeep. Then, instead of swinging around and heading sensibly for the Canal, he'd had this crazy idea.

At least the corporal would say it was crazy, in harsher words, of course. You couldn't tell a hard-bitten little guy like this that you were going just a few kilometers out of the way to get a bracelet. A pair of bracelets. Black, with silver stars and crescent moons and tiny silver camels. For a beautiful girl named Joan.

Dan lifted his helmet and wiped his head with his sweat rag. "Let me see," he began pleasantly.

"Yeh," the corporal challenged.

Dan To Beersheba

By Karl Detzer

Illustrated by F. R. GRUGER

"Plenty of scenery, whichever way we go. But I've this hankering to head on northeast. We must be about at the Palestine border. If so . . . you know, corporal, Beersheba is one of the oldest towns in history, even find it mentioned in Genesis . . ." he trailed off. The corporal had a two days' growth of beard caked with dust. He wanted to wash and his eyes hurt and he wasn't interested in Genesis, now or any other time probably. He wouldn't even be interested if Dan told him that Joan, in New York from her home in Battle Creek, Michigan, had seen Beersheba bracelets on Park Avenue. The most beautiful bracelets in the world. And on her slender wrists. . . .

The corporal sighed bitterly. "All right, sir, northeast, 'fore my tongue swells big as an ox. I tell you, if I ever get out o' this kinda country . . ."

"The ancient caravan route ran through Beersheba," Dan said. "Fact is, we must be right near now where Moses stayed forty years . . ." he realized his mistake at once and to drown out all the corporal was saying, he put the jeep noisily into low gear and nosed into another dry wadi. The jeep complained, climbing the opposite bank, and Dan added, "Tomb of Abraham and Sarah can't be so far, either."

"We goin' there, too?" the corporal yelled.

"Well, I hadn't planned to, this trip," Dan said. "We can, though, if you insist."

He finished the cigarette. He wouldn't smoke another till he located the camel track again. It must be somewhere about, even though he couldn't see it now. You couldn't see anything right here, because there was nothing to see. Except heat waves. And a little camel thorn and sage scrub. And the same low hills of soft, hot sand in the same broken ranges. The jeep panted and dug in its wheels, vibrated up a long slope and started wearily down the other side and then the corporal said:

"Well, it ain't your Beer-sheba by a long shot, but you might take a squint over to the right.'

"Isn't that fine and dandy," Dan said.

It was a waterhole, a big, dark, (Continued on page 38)





Tenderly he laid the bracelets in Dan's outstretched palm



Author Bob Ensworth offers Legionnaire Joe E. Ward a red lipstick pencil as they prepare for the opening night performance of the circus at Madison Square Garden

"E'RE fighting the war with Bazookas . . . not the rocket-gun kind, either. Just the plain Bob Burns variety. Our weapons are crazy musical instruments, grease paint and fuzzy wigs."

Felix Adler, King of the Clowns, paused to smudge a ridiculous red grin on his whiteface, then broke into a famous bucktooth smile. Upstairs, jampacked opening night audiences filled Madison Square Garden with applause. Here, in the passageway dressing room made from wardrobe trunks and prop boxes, funsters swapped makeup sticks and strange stories of Clown Alley at War.

"We're out to Battle the Blues," boomed the star wit, ringmaster style. And, tonight, added to the ranks for the comics' campaign were two amateurs—Texan Joe E. Ward and "yours truly."

Clowns for a Day, they called us. A couple of ordinary circus fans who quietly walked backstage and turned performers. For five years Joe Ward had traveled all the way from Wichita Falls, Texas, to fanfare spring in New

York by personally clowning. Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey first-nighters for four seasons had also seen me cavorting as a guest funnyman in center ring. Now Legionnaire Ward, veteran of World War I, teamed with this single-striped G. I. on pass from his AAF station in New Haven, and began climbing into costume again for the '44 debut.

"The ration board's after me," cried big show comedian Lou Jacobs. "I've got rationing troubles like nobody's nose," he moaned, fingering his outlandish bulbous schnozzle. Lou was in mourning. He had been known from coast to coast for his red rubber nose. Hard hit by rationing, today his once bounceable beak was no more. His Pinocchio appendage was now only painted putty.

Lou's "horrible loss" was one humorous side of a not-so-funny situation in wartime Clownville. Try making eight million kids from six to sixty laugh when, down inside, your heart is torn with worry about a wounded son or buddy overseas. Professional Pagliaccis—"Joeys" in circus slang—are trouping on, though, doing their part winter and



By PFC BOB ENSWORTH

summer. Take clown Paul Horompo, who just lent us his eyebrow stain . . .

Paul spent the winter working at Drew Field in Florida on a couple of special favors for the Air Corps. No, he wasn't joking through camp shows like some of the other boys in The Alley. An army friend sent him on a special secret mission, gave him a few instructions and signed him up as a mechanic.

One day the soldier brought the colonel out to a bomber while Paul was on the job. From where he was working, the summertime clown could hear:

"...But that plane has been grounded for days. I thought you said to fix cockpit instruments would mean tearing out the whole nose turret. All right, where is this wonder mechanic who claims he'll do the job in an hour?"

SAID the private to the colonel: "Right there, sir. Inside that four-foot cowling. Meet Mr. Horompo, my next-door neighbor and hardly three feet of midget."

Said the colonel to the private: "Well, I'll be damned!"

Popping his multi-colored head up through a starched ruffle collar, ace clown Homer Goddard chimed in: "Drew Field? Worked there all winter, myself. I couldn't fight in this one like I did in the last war, but I got a pretty good taste of army life, anyway. I clerked at the air base Post Exchange." Goddard, member of Poppy Post of the Legion in Los Angeles, was a khakiclad comic juggler in England, France and Germany with the AEF. For eight months he toured with a regimental show, serving with the Army of Occupation in the Rhineland.

Twenty-five years later Goddard was still at it—tonight pepping up the bedlam in The Alley. The boys were clowning off-stage and on. One half-wit, gesturing with his rouge pencil, was imitating a soap opera radio announcer...

"Girls! Do you use kissproof lipstick? Did you lose your head last night? Well, it's hanging up over there beneath Walter's makeup towel."

"Get that duck out from under my feet, Harry!"

"Ye Gads! Where's Matilda the Snake? Her cage is open!"

'Mid all the uproar we drew charcoal chin lines, funny-facing in Felix Adler's mirror. Despite the excitement Felix sat in the corner quietly tearing his hair. All because of "Sweet Spirits of Nitre," his pet pig. Though a talented performer, alas, the porker is a heavy drinker. Milk from his master's baby bottle makes a hungry, trained animal quickly grow too large. For audience appeal Adler needs a new "baby" twice each season. Semi-annually Felix fears for his porcine pal. Clown Alley comics have pork chop appetites.

FELIX couldn't worry long, however, for today every Joey must keep stepping. The Victory edition of the Big Show packs more laughs than ever, more gag walkarounds for hard-worked clowns circling the Hippodrome. Every stunt has a wartime twist. A baby buggy of quads and quintuplets is labeled "Mass Production." Seats and partitions are removed from a Plymouth coupe. Some wag named an act "Share a Ride to the War Plant," and twenty-five packed-in passengers burst from the single auto.

But extra rapid-fire switches from a pajama-clad tramp to a balloon-busted female apparently didn't faze veteran Joe Ward. It was worth racing up and down the three-story ramp to make the brass band's cues. He was a fellow from "out front" in the bleachers fulfilling every boy's dream. Only the two of us in recent years have won the boss-man's consent to clown with The Greatest Show On Earth on opening night, and Joe, one of Uncle Sam's civilian engineers, was making the most of his "career". Not even relatives back home in Wichita Falls would recognize the one-time First Vice-Commander of Pat Carrigan Post of the Legion, and tonight was his night to make thousands howl!

Dab on another blue triangle under that left eye.

Maybe you once got the urge to run away and join the circus as a clown. In your first or second childhood, look before you leap.

SEE that snow white complexion every Joey wears? Twice a day you'll spend an hour smearing it on, and believe it or not, whiteface is ordinary zinc oxide—house paint! 'Course, it's mixed with olive oil and cold cream and is actually a bleachy beauty treatment, but you'll struggle plenty with the concoction just to buffalo pleased youngsters in the "blues" and reserved seats.

No camouflage expert works harder than a circus harlequin, for clown



Paul Horompo, midget, patriot and airplane mechanic extraordinary, makes with the make-up for an easy-on-the-eyes performer

makeup is an art. Each Joey develops his peculiar disguise, and there's an unwritten but iron-clad law in The Alley that every comic *owns* his individual whiteface.

Cleverly drawn diamonds and circles are trademarks for a lifetime, and no one dared imitate Louis Nagy's "patented puss" of kite-shaped eyebrows and checkered cheekbones when he went off to the Army. Would-be mimics would have had some fancy explaining to do, for when the Infantry released personnel over 38, "aged" Louie returned to the same dress and act of his clowning career.

Nagy's military engagement has been duplicated by a dozen other buffon buddies who left the Ringling show, troupers who became troops. And they had first class contracts, too.. good for the duration plus! Four Joeys sail the seas in the Navy, but stealing the spotlight from King Neptune himself is a tiny tar Seaman Curt Starke.

Midget Starke is the only Lilliputian ever accepted for active duty by the armed forces. Little men in Clown Alley proudly laud their brother mite who enlisted as a mess boy in the Merchant Marine and finally talked his way into the regular Navy. V-mail reports now place Starke in war zones, where under special circumstances he often serves not as a bus-boy, but navigator!

Ration books and counters messed up the circus mess and some say it was Starke, Navy KP, who saved the Tented City of Amusement from a diet disaster.

(Continued on page 34)



They don't come any finer than Master Sergeant Elmer Lindquist, the Army's most decorated enlisted man, also the pride of Clown Alley



She optimistically paused to light a moldy cigarette under the shelter of her helmet

Bill Gunn, "the first thing you want to see is a woman's face. . . ."

This is the story of some of the Red Cross

This is the story of some of the Red Cross girls who have a job to do in India: an important part involves living, working, just being where a man (Continued on page 48)

Up from the Sea... In "Ducks"







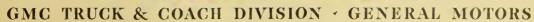


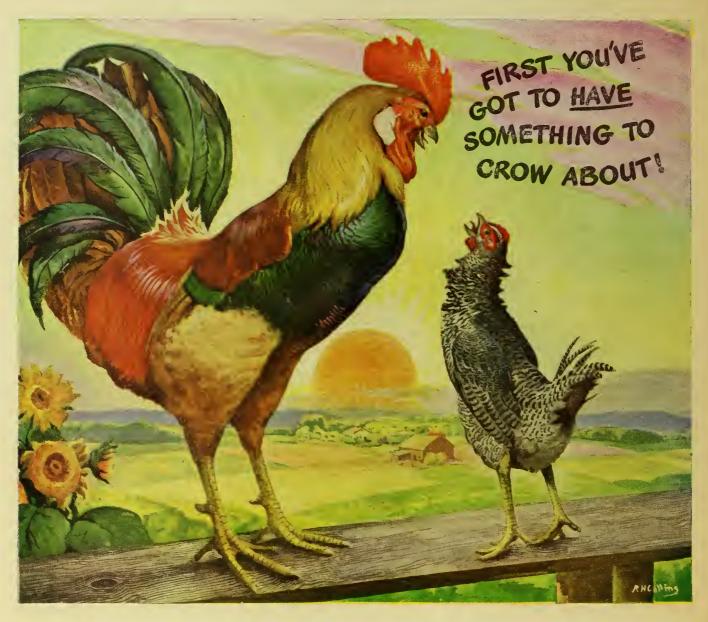


A new and secret weapon until a few months ago, the GMC "Duck" has now become a valued veteran of invasion campaigns from Sicily to the South Pacific. Part boat and part truck, it combines the performance and advantages of both. Loaded with fighters, food or fighting equipment, it can travel from ship to shore, and back again, with a simple shifting of controls. On land, the "Duck's" powerful engine and sturdy, six-wheel drive chassis carry it over regular

road or tough terrain, right along with the famous GMC 2½ ton, "six-by-six" Army truck. In the water, chassis and tires add stability and seaworthiness to the big, buoyant, all-steel hull, making for "smooth sailing" in heavy surf and high seas. Since earliest colonial wars, America's fighting men have gone *Down To The Sea In Ships*. But

World War II is the first time that our Soldiers, Sailors and Marines have come Up From The Sea In Amphibian Trucks!





and here it is_The Sunny-Morning Taste of Schenley Reserve

 $V^{\scriptscriptstyle
m OU'LL}$ pardon us for our pardonable pride in SCHENLEY Reserve when you yourself sample its brightas-the-sun, smooth-as-a-breeze flavor. That light, clean freshness will call to mind the sunny friendliness of a perfect morning. With your second sip

you'll join the thousands of Americans whose first-choice whiskey is SCHENLEY Reserve. If you want to see how much extra enjoyment true genius in blending can add to a whiskey, you'll want to be among those who know Schenley Reserve.

The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from pre-war stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.

Buy more BONDS than before... in the 5th WAR LOAN!

SCHENLEY

Reserve

BLENDED WHISKEY

Schenley Distillers Carporation, New York City. 86 praof - sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled fram fruit and grains.



Illustrated by WALTER BIGGS, A. N. A.

Hi. Mam!

BY HELEN KAYE OTERSEN

SHE stood at the head of the ramp, a tiny figure among the milling crowds in the station. There seemed to be a look of patient resignation on her face as she watched the people coming up from the fast emptying train. This was the third section of the Limited—her last hope. Tim had told her not to count on it too much: "I may not be able to make it, Mom."

The ramp was almost cleared now. One last straggler—a sailor like Tim, and about his age too. He wasn't hurrying like the others but walked up leisurely. When he reached the top he stopped and looked around.

He was standing very near and she wondered if he would mind if she spoke to him. She smiled timidly, "I hope you haven't missed your folks—the train is awfully late. I've been here over an hour waiting for my boy"—her voice was heavy with disappointment—"I guess he couldn't make it."

The sailor answered soberly, "I'm not expecting anyone, Ma'am. I got a forty-eight-hour leave and just thought I'd come into Philly—I don't know a soul here." He looked around again as tho trying to decide what to do and rather dejectedly hitched his blue duffle bag higher on his shoulder.

The words were out almost before she realized it.

"Oh then I wonder if you'd care to—that is if you haven't planned to do anything, I'm having all the things Tim—that's my son—likes——." She stopped, a little breathless, her sweet mother face anxious. Then she laughed and went on, "What I'm trying to say is, would you care to come home to supper with me? I don't live far from here?"

A slow, pleased grin came over the sailor's face.

"Say, I'd like that fine," he said. "I didn't know just what I'd do, I hate eating by myself." He shifted a bit and then added shyly, "You know I noticed you when I was walking up, you look a little like my Mom, she's just about your size."

Her face bright with pleasure, she turned to lead the way. He moved to follow her and then she saw him hesitate. He laid his hand on her arm. "Look," he said, "there's something I'd like to do, will you wait here a minute?"

She nodded. "Of course."

"Stand right where you were when I first saw you," he said. With that he was off down the ramp. At the bottom she saw him turn and retrace his steps, this time very much in a hurry, his brown eyes twinkling, as at some private joke.

When he reached the top he grabbed the small figure waiting there—swung her in his arms and cried, "Hi, Mom

-I made it!"



of which this is typical.

There is nothing glamorous about

They don't even rate a name, but like inmates of the Big House, labor in the cold anonymity of a number.

Not for them is the valiant life of an Enterprise, or the heroic death of a Hornet. If you were to write of them as bold dramatic components of the Fleet, the crews would read it and laugh.

There is one phrase that describes life on the LSTs.

It is "rugged duty."

You hear that phrase a lot among the fighting men of the South Pacific. It is applied to the Marines in the jungle bogs of Bougainville. It is applied to the tireless Seabees whose legerdemain makes roads and runways overnight. It is a superlative that is not abused. And it goes for LST craft.

The story begins sometime in 1942, when the imagination of some unnamed naval designer conceived a ship unlike any that ever tasted salt water, a ship large enough to cross the widest oceans, shallow enough to set her bow on any beach. There would be no docks or stevedores, so she must be able to unload her own cargo. And quickly, for while beached she would be a perfect "sitting duck" for enemy aircraft or artillery.

The LST was the result. Large, with bridge and engines squeezed back against the stern to balance the cavernous cargo space forward and amidships. Slow, because of her wide beam and shallow draft that enable her to navigate reefy coastal waters which would disembowel conventional vessels. Targets, pathetically unarmed and too slow and stolid to dodge bombs and torpedoes.

At first the Navy was dubious. Who would make them? All available yards were rushing night and day to complete the two-ocean Navy and redeem the losses of Pearl Harbor. Who would man them? The fighting fleet—the carriers and battleships and cruisers—was crying for every seagoing officer and man.

But such craft were needed, before the war could be carried to the coasts of the enemy. So new yards and new ways were



built, and new crews—green, landlubberly Reservists—were rushed through cursory training and assigned to these untried, hastily constructed ships.

Take our skipper, Lieutenant Alexander C. Forbes, USNR, of New York City. He is 34, has a wife and small son and daughter waiting for him. He is courteous and quiet, but has a firmness in his eye and voice that identifies him as the "Old Man."

Forbes went to his commanding officer and told him he didn't think he could do it. The commanding officer told him he could. That, in the Navy, was that.

The crew turned out to be no saltier than the captain. Only a dozen had ever been to sea. And certainly nobody knew anything about an LST.

Today, a little more than one year after her commissioning, the 395 is a veteran of amphibious war in the Solomons, with plenty* of "meatballs"—Rising Sun flags—painted on her conning bridge.

That same crew of bewildered novices—without one lost in battle—are hardened, seagoing fighting men, from Captain Forbes to the ship's cook.

More than that, they are a team, working together like a well-oiled machine

LST's carry tanks as they were intend-*It was 9 before Dec. 1, 1943 all been unceremoniously eliminated.

Today the traffic is largely one-way.

The slot is an American canal, almost—but not quite—to Bougainville.

Even on the flank of the Japs' last Solomons stronghold, our overwhelmingly superior air cover usually keeps the enemy at a respectful distance in the daytime. But the nights are ticklish. Tojo's planes and submarines still try to land a sneak punch in the dark from time to time. And with a hold full of aviation gasoline—well, the lookouts aren't tempted to snooze.

Men who have sweated and slaved in the Solomons for months are bored with the excitement of danger and numb to the fear of death. It isn't the hazard they mean when they call it "rugged duty." It's the never-ending necessity to stay "on the ball," without respite or relaxation, until nerves are taut as tension

(Continued on page 32)



The kid who betrays his father to the Gestapo is considered a hero

Fathers and Sons

By PAUL GALLICO

A timely warning about the job facing us after we've conquered Germany. For supplementary comment, see page 44 HE fathers went to France to fight the German in 1917-18. The sons of the fathers are in Europe on the same task, until the job is cleaned up.

Our sons don't differ much from their fathers. Yes, different uniforms, more modern weapons, better equipment, superior training. But otherwise, the son is the same slangy, good-natured, happygo-lucky kid his old man was—ambitious, adventurous, fair-minded, liberty-loving, anxious to get the job done and come home to his work and his life.

But the enemy he is fighting, the German son of the German father YOU fought, is a different kind of man. We

Cartoon by JOHN CASSEL

owe it to our sons to tip them off just how different he is from *his* father, how much more dangerous, treacherous, indecent and inhuman.

Our sons are entitled to be warned. It may help to save their lives. They should be doubly warned. It may save the next generation a war.

In the year 1934 the sons, German and American, who face one another on the firing line today, were on the average eleven years old.

Bill, the American kid, was attending grammar school in some town or community or city in the United States. At Assembly, he arose, saluted his flag and repeated the following pledge (the italics are mine): "I pledge allegiance to the

(Continued on page 48)



Service Center established by Omaha (Nebraska) Post. Standing in front are Post Commander Vincent Hascall, National Commander Warren Atherton, Department Commander Marion Shaw and Homer L. Chaillaux, National Americanism Director. Inset, Norman Folda, Post's 7,000th Member

OW big is a Legion Post? The answer is usually found in the Post itself; in its enrollment, in leadership, and in works that make membership in it worthwhile. Small Posts, many of them, do big works, but the bigger the Post in members the greater are the opportunities. Of course there are always community restrictions: the smaller the community, the fewer are the potential members.

There's Omaha Post No. 1 of the Department of Nebraska, for instance, with more than seven thousand members on its roll for 1944. That is a Legion unit big in membership and big in its works, with a local leadership that has for a full quarter of a century been well integrated into the national organization. What a whopper of a Post the Omaha group is! Hail Omaha!

Omaha Post is not only Number One in the Department of Nebraska, but it is Number One in the entire American Legion. It has made substantial gains over its 1943 membership, when the total, under Commander Robert H. Storz, ran up to an even 6,000, but the Post has

Hail Omaha!

not made a mushroom growth. It has been getting bigger and better since 1919, when it took a flying start under Commander Allan Tukey, who was elected National Vice Commander at the Minneapolis National Convention in 1919. In its initial year Omaha Post made a

very respectable score of 3,462.

Now in this year of grace—it is hoped the comparisons will not be odious—Omaha Post, skippered by Vincent C. Hascall, has exceeded the 1943 membership of ten continental Departments. Don't believe it? Look at the record: you will find that Arizona, Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont and Wyoming were all under seven thousand last year. And to go a step further, Omaha Post has today a membership exceeding by a small number the combined 1943 membership of the outlying

Departments of Alaska, Canada, France, Italy, Mexico, Panama, Philippine Islands and Puerto Rico. These Departments in 1943 had a total membership of 6,943.

As concrete evidence of its consistency in main-





New York's Department Commander William N. Lewis (second from right), swaps yarns with wounded veterans at Sampson Naval Hospital

taining its place among the stars, twelve times between 1919 and 1943 Omaha Post has stood at the head of all the Legion, seven times it was the runner-up for top honors, and twice it was the third largest Post. Omaha lost its top place in 1940 (for the last time?) to Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post No. 1 of Denver, Colorado, a sort of traditional rival which for years has trod dangerously close to the heels of the Nebraskans. Memphis (Tennessee) Post No. 1, too, has offered a threat to supremacy; during the same period that Omaha has been making its record, Memphis Post has been in the running fourteen times: four times the largest; second largest three times, and seven times in third

It might be remarked in passing that the Number One Post does not have a Legion monopoly in its home city of approximately 300,000 population. There are three other very active Posts doing Lusiness in the area: Benson Post, with about 650 members in 1943; South Omaha Post, with more than 400, and Roosevelt Post, made up of colored veterans, which had a 1943 enrollment of nearly 400. Taken by and large, Omaha, which has twice entertained a National Convention of The American Legion, can be said to be Legion-minded.

Allan Tukey, first Commander, was one of the first elected National Vice Commanders; Sam W. Reynolds, 1922 Commander, after eleven years on the National Executive Committee, has been kept in office by successive re-appointments as Chairman of the National Finance Committee, keepers of the pursestrings, for nearly ten years; Clint Brome, 1926 Commander, is Nebraska's

representative on the National Executive Committee; Robert J. Webb, 1937 Commander, is Chairman of the National Americanism Committee, and Henry H. (Hank) Dudley, Adjutant for many years before becoming Nebraska's Department Adjutant, is firmly fixed at National Headquarters as Assistant National Adjutant. Matt D. Jaap, who piloted the Omaha craft in 1941, now carries the burdens of the Post as its Adjutant, and Robert H. Storz, who commanded in 1943, not only made new

records for Legion accomplishment but served simultaneously as Director of the 1943 National Convention Committee.

An active and vital force within its own area from the date of organization, the Post has interested itself in



dozens of public-service community projects of enduring benefit, but it has never owned its own home. During all these years, when the income from several enterprises excluding the membership fees collected, approached big business proportions, the members have been content to make public use of their funds and continue their meeting place in the City Hall. Now, with veterans of the new war coming in, if and when the Post decides to build a place of its own, a structure of the size of the Douglas County Court House will be needed. Having tasted blood, it is hardly likely that the membership committee will be content to let the roster stand at seven thousand. At least, not as long as there are potential members in the neighborhood, and new veterans coming home who have not signed up with any other outfit. But just to keep busy, the Adjutant's office has already collected dues for 1945 from more than two hundred members.

Strangely enough, the seven thousandth member is a veteran of the First World War, a newcomer to Omaha, who had long been a member of Albion Folda Post of Howells, Nebraska. He is Nor-



When the Salvation Army opened its Red Shield Recreation Center at Kansas City, Kansas, Wyandotte Post had a flag ready for presentation



A new Fourth Air Force Standard flies at Camp Pinedale, California, thanks to the friendly interest of Cecil Cox Post, The American Legion, of Clovis

man Folda, an employe of the Glenn L. Martin bomber plant at Omaha, who, on his arrival in town, hunted up the big league headquarters and signed on the dotted line. His old Post bears the name of his cousin, who was killed in action in the First World War.

One of the latest public service activities of Omaha Post is the establishment of a full-time Service Center in the



downtown area where special services are extended to veterans of both World Wars, particularly in job placement. "The special purpose in setting up the Service Center was, of course, to serve veterans returning from service in the present war," said Manager O. J. Franklin, "but we want to serve just as efficiently all War I veterans who may be looking for special types of employment or for special information."

Omaha business firms and industrial plants were quick to list their needs with the Center, and job placements began almost at the hour of opening for business.

Hospital Visits

A LOT of the servicemen coming back from overseas' theaters are placed in hospitals a long way from home, and some of them become mighty lonesome and homesick. A friendly visitor is always appreciated, and a visit sometimes

works wonders in perking up the old morale. Hospital visits, when permitted, are urged as a part of the program of the Legion in its World War II liaison work, and in many Posts visiting committees have been organized in addition to the corps of rehabilitation and service workers.

In the picture on page 24, New York's Department Commander William N. Lewis (second from right), is shown during one of his visits to Sampson Naval Hospital at Sampson, New York. Here, swapping yarns in one of the comfortable sun parlors are, left to right, Department Vice Commander George Monagan of Rochester; Sergeant Lawrence Walter Eddy, USMC, Jamestown,

New York, a veteran of the Southwest Pacific; Seaman First Class Ernest John Reid, Pontiac, Michigan, veteran of the Sicilian campaign; Department Commander Lewis, and Fireman Second Class John Begay, Syracuse, New York, veteran of Tarawa.

Keep It Flying

WHEN the Salvation Army opened its Red Shield recreation center for servicemen in Kansas City, Kansas, a few weeks ago, Commander John A. Justice of Wyandotte Post and a corps of Legionnaires were on hand. They came to present an American flag to Adjutant William Kyle of the Salvation Army, and to assist in the ceremony of raising it over the building. Participating in the ceremony were Carl Collins, Grand Chef de Gare of Kansas; Commander Justice, Finance Officer Charles Keilback, and Eli Dahlin, Americanism Chairman.

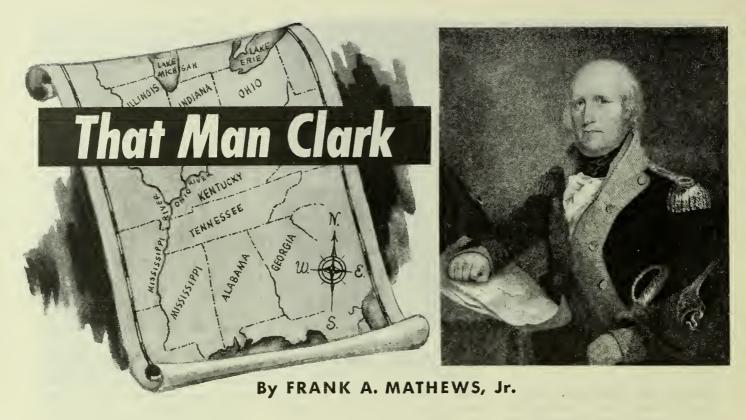
At about the same time, A. F. Rothermel, Commander of Cecil Cox Post of Clovis, California, was presenting a new Fourth Air Force standard to Colonel W. H. McDonald, WSAUTC Commandant at Camp Pinedale, located near Fresno. The presentation, suggested by Legionnaire Edward L. Stoliker, a veteran of the new war, was made as a warm gesture of goodwill. Standing back of the standard in the picture on this page are Legionnaire Stoliker, Adjutant Ebert W. Frank and Past Commander Julius Galiana.

A \$20,000 Light

ARGONNE Post of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is an up and coming outfit, where things are done with a flourish. (Continued on page 43)



When Argonne Post of Elizabeth, New Jersey, does things they are done right. Here's Mayor Kirk, Past Commander, lighting his cigar with the old mortgage



NATION which forgets its heroes cannot live.

If the fellow who said that was a hero I hope he was a foreigner, because I forget who said it. Speak of George Rogers Clark to many Americans in the East who haven't forgotten Al Capone and they say, "Oh, sure, he's the fellow who went with Lewis on the Lewis and Clark expedition." Well, he wasn't. That was his little brother Willie. Mid-Westerners

They were quite a family. The parents married when the mother was fifteen. Getting an early start, she racked up ten children for their proud papa, four daughters and six sons, three of the latter, Jonathan, William and George, becoming generals in the United States Army. That much alone entitles the parents to be called prolific rather than just careless.

may be better informed on the Clarks.

George Rogers Clark underwent the not particularly original process of being born, on November 19, 1752, when the family lived in Albermarle County, Virginia, next to the Jeffersons. Remember Thomas Jefferson? Later the Clarks moved further West, to Caroline County. Early Americans had an aversion to being crowded.

Like Washington, this George went in for surveying. Before the Revolution, as deputy to the chief surveyor of the Ohio Company, he barged into the Kentucky country on a small salary but a swell commission arrangement. He could take whatever lands he wanted for himself. George went into the real estate business, which was pretty good when the sales price was practically one hundred percent profit. The real estate

At first these Western people didn't take much stock in the Revolution. It began in the East, which then was far away. To them it was a little commercial argument soon to be settled. There was no gasoline rationing to rouse them to reality because there was no gasoline

business isn't all that it used to be.

no gasoline rationing to rouse them to reality, because there was no gasoline and no automobiles you weren't allowed to use it in if there had been any gasoline you weren't allowed to use.

Even then Detroit, without any great automotive industry, was important as the center of the Western territory. Colonel Henry Hamilton, British Lieutenant Governor, was in command there. He was a sabotage agent, buying Indians and wrapping them up in Bundles for Britain.

People in Kentucky didn't like the looks of things. Many returned East. The hardy remainder needed a leader. They chose George Rogers Clark. One of his biographers believes he was picked because of his breadth of information, superior intelligence, commanding person, engaging manner, ability to talk interestingly, lively manner, wit and natural dignity. Could be. Men have been elected President with less on the ball. Anyhow, George Rogers Clark justified the choice.

George, like Paul Revere, jumped on his horse and rode. To Virginia to get a load of ammunition and some official recognition for Kentucky.

Virginia had a lot of other things on her mind in 1776, and at first wasn't much interested in Clark's proposition. The Governor's Council said he could have five hundred pounds of powder. But no lend-lease business. The Assembly would not meet until October, and if it refused to recognize the Kentuckians as citizens of Virginia, George would have to be personally responsible for the powder. George, being no industrial tycoon, was forced to decline the honor.

Title to real estate then was more a matter of might than of right. The British claimed the Kentucky country. So did the northern majority of States in the Continental Congress, Private corporations and individuals horned in. And, of course, there were always the Indians, who had it first. The Indian claim was disposed of by ignoring it, which is the best way to treat an argument you can't answer.

Virginia was on the fence. The assertion of a claim to the Kentucky country meant defending it against all comers, including some of the colonies allied with her. Before the Assembly in October, 1776, official claims to Kentucky territory were presented by Henderson & Co., the Indiana Company and an individual named Arthur (Long Jaw) Campbell. Jefferson appears to have sided with Clark in advocating the taking of the country for Virginia. But some added punch was needed. So Clark smartly told the Virginians that he would look elsewhere for both his powder and recognition. That did it. On December 7th (apparently a fateful day in American history) the Assembly declared Kentucky a county of Virginia. Long Jaw Campbell didn't like George Rogers Clark.

The situation in Kentucky was not one to inspire optimism or brook apathy. Several hundred miles from the nearest settlements of the newly created United States, hemmed in and greatly outnumbered by Indians, now citizens of a

His exploits at arms almost match in their wizardry those of his fellow Virginian, George Washington, yet few Americans can tell you anything about George Rogers Clark, father of the Northwest Territory. Here in sketchy outline is the career of one of our greatest citizens

country at war with the dominating British government, the Kentuckians faced worse things than the problem of parity farm prices.

Clark dove deep into the waters of thought and came up with a pearl of an idea: To devote himself entirely to the public interest, go right after the British posts in the big Northwest territory east of the Mississippi, reduce or capture them, protect the west flank of the new States and add a vast territory to their dominion.

The striking audacity of this plan, followed by its successful execution, lends considerable romance to the name of George Rogers Clark.

Clark knew the supreme difficulties involved, and when, the following October, he again went to Virginia, this time to get Governor Patrick (Give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death) Henry to approve an expedition against the enemy posts north of the Ohio River, he did not shoot the works as soon as he got there. He first gave the Governor a great build-up about Kentucky. Then he sprang his little idea. Patrick went into a huddle with Tom Jefferson, George Mason and George Whyte. They came out with a "Yes" on the play.

Any hope for success of the plan required that the specific purpose be kept secret. You know, like today—military information important to the enemy. So the Assembly was induced to pass an act allowing Clark to recruit men (not more than 350) and appropriating twelve hundred pounds of Virginia paper money (face value, not weight). The men were put under such orders as Clark might give.

Now a lieutenant colonel, apparently, Clark commissioned several captains and began recruiting, which was a difficult task because men wanted to stay and defend the home front then, too. If anybody wanted a fight, let him come and get it. There was no selective service machinery.

However, on Corn Island, opposite the present site of Louisville, Clark began training a diminutive army. When he disclosed his staggering plan one whole company turned pale and deserted. The rest said, "Let's go."

On June 24, 1778, Clark started with between 170 and 180 men in four companies commanded by John Montgomery, Joseph Bowman, Leonard Helm and William Harrod. Information of the treaty with France had just been received and Clark made full use of it with the French inhabitants of the territory.

Down the Ohio River went this tiny band, augmented by a party of hunters, shooting the Falls during an eclipse of the sun, which well could have been regarded as an evil omen. But, in language similar to that of a later great American who was himself to write about this same George Rogers Clark with characteristic fancy touches—Theodore Roosevelt—these men said, "To hell with the omens! Where's the enemy?" They, too, were Americans. And the en-

emy was at a place called Kaskaskia.

The guide lost his way. And almost lost his life. Clark told him impolitely what he thought about such monkey-business. The guide finally convinced the commander that his mistake was real and not traitorous, and the march continued.

On the evening of July 4th (another fateful date in American history) the little gang arrived a few miles from Kaskaskia.

Clark knew it would not be enough just to take the town. He must hold it. He must make it and the surrounding territory safe for Americans. So he formulated a plan, complete and intelligent, best disclosed in its operation.

(Continued on page 37)



They could rest assured, he said, that no prospect of plunder had brought the Americans hither. Did they not know that the King of France had joined the American side?



- News and Views of Today's GI's around the Globe



Leathernecks Merle Young, left, and Dean Young, right, had a recent surprise reunion on a transport. Uncle M. E. Harbaugh, Legionnaire of Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas, is shown with them

ONSIDERING the global extent
of this war and the wide distribution of our troops, a story
we received from our fellow-post
member, Frank Gilleece, Past Commander
of Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas, sounds
almost like a Believe-It-or-Not item. We.

at least, think it is worth Ripley's attention, and after reading it, perhaps you'll agree. Let's go, Frank:

Dean (Bud) Young of the 9th Marines was somewhat surprised when one day this past January, after he had landed on the deck of the ship which was to bring him back to the States, he was welcomed aboard with a swift kick in the pants. Even greater was his surprise when he turned to ascertain who might be taking

such liberties with him, to see his brother Merle (Red) Young giving out with a big grin.

The brothers, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Young, Sr., of Clay Center, Kansas, had held from childhood a wholesome respect for their Uncle Mose's active war record in the First World War which had won him the Purple Heart. They early decided that the Marines and not Dad's big farm was the place for them during this present scrap. Uncle Mose (M. E.) Harbaugh is a Capitol Post member.

They had been assigned to different branches of the Marine Corps—Red in the Air Command and Bud with the Infantry (or would they be called ground troops?) While each knew the other was in the Southwest Pacific combat area, they had not seen each other for nearly two years until the day of the big boot aboard ship.

Merle, while stationed on Bougainville Island, had been fortunate enough to draw the lucky number which en-

titled him to a furlough home, but his joy was clouded somewhat by thoughts of his less-fortunate brother. When Merle's transport put in at the New Hebrides to pick up another contingent of homeward-bound Marines, he was quietly sitting on deck reading a book. Then he heard a voice and a laugh



from one of the new passengers that prompted an investigation which revealed that the laugh belonged to Brother Red. He felt the proper way to greet

a brother under the circumstances was with a good hearty boot.

During the lengthy voyage they had a fine visit and then, landing in the States, each was given a thirty-days' furlough to visit with Mom and Dad, their brothers and sisters on the farm, and then stopped in Topeka to see Uncle Mose who had just completed a rather lengthy hospital stay.

The snapshot we reproduce, which came with Comrade Gilleece's unusual story, shows from left to right, Merle (Bud) Young, Uncle M. E. (Mose) Harbaugh and Dean (Red) Young.

"IF a man can... make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he builds his home in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." We're sure that most of you or even all of you have at some time or other heard the foregoing epigram, of which there are several versions. But here we have a mousetrap involved in a service incident in which the denouement (and that's a big word for a Company Clerk) was entirely different. We'll ask Private William G. Sears, 4th A. B. Squadron at Lawson Field, Fort Benning, Georgia, a staff writer on that field's

swell paper, *Tailskid*, to tell you the story as he told it to us:

Corporal Norman Pickens was preparing our mail room for inspection on a Saturday morning. Sweeping his eyes over the room just before the inspecting officer walked in, all seemed in spic-and-span order.

The officer came in, checked a few records, then suddenly let out a cry of anguish that just about blew Corporal Pickens's eardrums into





"Slip of the pen or not—my furlough paper says I don't have to return until July 22, 1945!"

a 4-F category. The corporal quickly glanced and saw the reason for the officer's cry of woe.

It seems Corporal Pickens had neglected to replace the mousetrap in its usual spot after cleaning the mail room—he had left it on a ledge on which the inspecting officer was running his fingers for dust.

Results: (1) An officer with two badly-bruised fingers; (2) Corporal Pickens now wonders if that sergeant's rating will ever come his way!

YOU just bet the Big Shots have their tags, too. In these columns you'll find reasonable facsimiles of the First World War dog tags worn by General

MASHINIAN 0500 TOKIO 10200 SAN

A long, long way from . . . anywhere! A Seabee in Casablanca tries to get his bearings

Eisenhower, all set at the time of this writing to start rolling on the invasion of Europe, and also General MacArthur, big chief in the Southwest Pacific. The Army Serial Numbers are authentic. Note that 057 which General MacArthur wears.

Our invitation to our readers to offer constructive criticism of our interpretation of Army and Navy dog tags of the vintage of '18 and '44 which decorate the heading of this department has brought some interesting comment. We'd like to hear from more of the Dog Tag gang. The Company Clerk and the Art Director want to be fully enlightened.

THOSE guys who are Seabees seem mighty elusive. They bob up in various strange places, take time to write a letter to this department and several of them have enclosed good snapshots which would make keen illustrations for these columns—but when we write them to get more dope, they've been shipped some-

where else. At least, that has been our experience, as, for instance, with Harold Clair Allison, carpenter's mate 1/c, of Company A-4, 104th Construction Battalion (that's where the "Seabee" comes from, in case you don't know), U. S. Naval ABD (and that last abbreviation, we can't interpret!) The letter, with

which came the snapshot of the baldheaded guy with the animals, and of the fellow at the trick guide post, was written in Gulfport, Mississippi. But our letter to Allison either failed to follow him to his outfit's new location, or he hasn't found time to write. At any rate, Allison told us this much in his initial letter:

"The two enclosed snapshots are of boys who were with me in the 65th Construction Battalion in Scotland, England, Sierra Leone and French Morocco. We went over in 1942 and were the first battalion sent back to the States in the spring of 1943 for further assignment. I am now with a 'boat battalion,' have an APO number and by the time you get this, will probably have shoved off.

"The one guy whose topthatch seems to have slipped down to his chin is Seabee Lowell E. Smith, SF 2/c, of Princeton, Indiana, who landed in Africa before the invasion of November, 1942. The dog on the box had his leg broken in a truck accident. The Navy doctor put a splint on the leg and within several weeks the pup was as good



Seabee Lowell Smith displays his outfit's mascots in North Africa

as new. The monkey is a native of the African tropics and as a mascot furnished lots of fun for the Seabees.

"In the other snap we find a Seabee in Casablanca. His outfit helped load equipment shipped for the invasion of Sicily. Soldiers and sailors in that French Moroccan port got quite a kick out of the unusual guide post at the street intersection."

OST vets of that earlier World War who took the trip across the Big Pond—and particularly men who served with the 27th and 31st Divisions—will have pleasant recollections of the prompt entente cordiale which was established between our troops and those men in uniform from Down Under. Those



"Your draft notice came today, so I went right out and spent the mustering-out pay you'll get!"



Anzacs—Australians and New Zealanders—as well as our Canadian neighbors were real guys and sort of spoke our language.

That comradeship is being re-established in this war. We have tens of thousands of troops in the far Southwest Pacific and in a sense they're returning the call which comparatively few of our Anzac friends were able to pay us on their way home from the 1st A.E.F. And those people Down Under—or are they, perhaps, *Up Above* and consider us the *Down Under* folks?—are doing more than all right by our boys.

There has come to our desk a booklet, "Australia At Home to the Yanks," issued by the Australian News and Information Bureau, which is being distributed to all our men being sent out that way. The foreword to this interesting, splendidly illustrated booklet, is in the form of "Greetings to The American Legion from Its Australian Comrades," a message from Sir Gilbert Dyett, an "original Anzac," now President of the Returned Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Imperial League of Australia, which is that country's counterpart of our Legion.

He recalls visiting and addressing the Legion National Convention in New Or-



American Army nurses in India do some primitive laundering, with a native audience; below, ironing in a crude fashion is also a regular chore

leans in 1922 and continues: "Doubtless the sons and daughters of delegates on that occasion are members of the American fighting, nursing and auxiliary services operating and functioning in this theater during the present conflict.

"The entire personnel has been enthusiastically welcomed and gladly entertained by the Australian people. They have proved themselves worthy emulators of the American servicemen and women of the last war... and have won the hearts of their hosts and hostesses...

"It is most gratifying to observe that the deep feelings of trust, confidence, respect and admiration between Australian and American servicemen and women in the last war have carried on unchanged in this war."

Copies of the booklet may be obtained, without cost, from the Australian News and Information Bureau, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

HEY have to be hardboiled as a L top kick at times with obstreperous patients-but to our sick and wounded men in wartime, they are indeed Angels of Mercy, those splendid women serving in the Army and Navy Nurse Corps. And don't think that in this war they aren't taking it on the chin in the way of strenuous training-infiltration courses and all -for the work cut out for them in the various theaters of operations. One of our biggest thrills recently was listening to the radio accounts of nurses who were taking a special course in handling wounded men evacuated by planes. Those girls, even during their training days down in a camp in

Kentucky, are already real heroines.

Let's take a look-see at some of our Army nurses stationed away out in India. Add to their numerous duties the job of taking care of their personal problems where home comforts are unknown. We refer you to the photograph of the nurses doing a bit of primitive laundering, of the one nurse struggling with a real

"sad"-iron, and to that of lighter vein in which some of the girls are engaged in a charitable job of local personal hygiene. As the report which came with these Official U. S. Army Photos has it:

American Army nurses stationed somewhere in India don't get time to be bored when off duty —and from recent reports from the CBI theater of operations, they are getting plenty of additional duty with our men wound-

ed in the Burma fighting. Because of the climate's effect on their clothes, they spend a great part of their leisure time laundering. Too much dust in the dry season and a sea of mud during the monsoon season make washing a continuous process. Merely the presence

MACARTHUR 057

of these nurses has been a fine morale factor for our soldiers, whose war in India, until recently, has been, one of work, sweat and wait. The girls live in little bamboo bashas (huts) with

roofs constructed of grass—typically native.

While these pictures were taken some months ago, there may have been some transfers, but we can identify these fine American women in the photographs shown. In the picture of the stream-side laundry we find from left to right: Lieutenant Edythe Husum of Aurora, South Dakota; Lieutenant Nelia Burd,

(Continued on page 48)



The Army nurses, shown at top, finish their washday by laundering the Indian children

AMG TAKES OVER

(Continued from page 9)

and some 200 wounded civilians. But instead of pitching in to clean it up, the Italians asked, 'What do you want us to do?' They were shell-shocked, dazed, confused, and waited for us to order them to restore their electric plant and water system.

"The MP's told us the worst problem was the wounded civilians in a school building that had been converted into a hospital. The Italians had left behind one of their medical units, but the Italian army doctors were threatening to walk out because they had no medical supplies. Maybe we could get them to stay; meanwhile, they said they would round up the vice-mayor. The people had said he was still in town, and was a pretty good guy though nominally a party member.

"THE HOSPITAL wasn't nice. Most of the patients were lying on the floor or on school desks. There was no disinfectant, no iodine-not even bandages. There was one little girl with her nose blown off. And a boy about five who had 20 shell fragment wounds. Scabs had hardened over them and the Italian doctor was pulling them off, so infection wouldn't start underneath. There was no anaesthetic, and I thought if he had something to chew on it would stop his screams, so I went out to the jeep and brought a can of British biscuits. He grabbed one and stuffed it in his mouth, then stuck out a hand for another. I wondered when any of these people had eaten last.

"The doctors had rigged out the teacher's desk as an operating table. On it an Italian soldier lay screaming, while a doctor probed for a hunk of steel buried around his kidneys.

"On another table was a woman with a bad wound in her chest. Standing all around her were her six little children. The older ones were crying because they were frightened and the younger ones because they were hungry. The doctors had used part of an old bedsheet to bandage the place where her breasts had been torn away.

"Just then the Italian head doctor arrived, wiping his hands on a bloody apron. He said his men were ready to drop—they'd had no sleep for two days and nothing to eat for three; here, with no drugs, bandages or ether, they weren't helping these people any, so why couldn't they go on to the Catania hospital?

"We promised supplies, and Andy told him to tell his subordinates that this was their place, and there would be severe penalties if they left.

"Returning to the Municipio, we found the Carabinieri had herded in the vice-mayor, and after a long talk with him we decided he'd do until we found someone better. He was an insignificant

little dandruff-covered bureaucrat, but he showed some gumption—and guts too, because he hadn't run away during the bombing and had stayed on after the mayor had skipped with the Germans. You could see he was fond of his town. And he knew where the keys to things were, which was important to us. We told him his first job would be to get food for these doctors at the hospital.

"'Where?' he asked.

"'Doesn't matter,' Andy told him. 'In your cellar or somebody else's. Get it,



"What's this rumor about your selling stock in a mine in the Mediterranean?"

and get it now.' From experience we knew that in every town all the big shot fascists had hoarded food. He would know which cellars to break into. He trotted off.

"By now the Carabinieri had rounded up the fire chief, and we told him to get those ten fires out. When he complained that he had no help we gave him an armband marked "Civil Affairs Police"—and boy, was he tickled! Because this made him our man and now people would obey him. We told him to round up a fire-fighting gang, and if anyone refused, to throw them in the clink and we'd deal with them later.

"It was now pretty well along in the morning and people were streaming back from the hills. There may have been 5000 milling in the town square. You'd see a woman with kids hanging to her skirts, all of them bawling in front of a busted house. But in a few minutes the kids would quit crying and start climbing over the wreckage, having a wonderful time.

"We were sure that looting had begun. The British MP's reported that the bank had been busted wide open and bundles of money were lying around, so we posted a guard there. The looters had several good gags. A gang of loiterers would beckon the MP's to the locked

door of some store and pointing at it, say 'Fascist! Tedeschi!' meaning that fascists or Germans were inside. The MP's would break in, search the place, and find nothing. Then after the MP's had gone the gang would strip the shelves. Sicilians are very poor and they'll steal anything that isn't nailed down.

"Next, we broke out our proclamations, giving them to the Carabinieri to post on whatever standing walls they could find. These posters explained that we had come to free the people from fascism and give them back their liberties, and then listed our rules. The people were to be free to say what they liked and to listen to the Fascist radio program from Rome if they wished. They must turn in arms and radio transmitters at the town hall. We would shoot looters caught in the act. We listed the official rate for exchanging our money into lire, and the curfew hours, which required everyone to be indoors between sunset and sunrise.

"Knowing that only half the people could read, we had the town crier sing our proclamation in the streets, and asked the priest to read it in church next Sunday.

"The town was without water, and without electricity, but the immediate thing was to take care of the dead bodies. The sun was getting high and already we could sniff something beside the normal Sicilian smells. Digging graves would require a lot of man power, and we were wondering how to get it when a couple of eloquent local characters came up.

"They introduced themselves and told Andy that our troubles were now over, because they were the local anti-fascist leaders. They had groaned for two decades under the fascist heel, they announced, but they had an enormous following in the town and all we had to do was turn everything over to them and they would run it for us.

"ANDY told them their groaning days were over, but as for the rest of it, we were strangers here and would have to find out a little more. We mentioned the bodies and told the two men to go out and get just a few hundred of their many thousand of friends, and organizainto gangs to gather up the bodies before an epidemic got started. We said that how well and fast they did this would show us how big their following was.

"The men went out full of enthusiasm and that was the last we ever saw of them except that two weeks later the local AMG man whom we left in charge of the town reported that he spotted those two eloquent characters in the front row of a meeting, shouting 'A basso il Fascismo!' and 'Viva la Democracia!' Evidently this was more in their line

of work than digging up bodies on a lot day.

"However, the acting mayor rounded up some work gangs for us, then we had the priest help identify the bodies. We got his permission to cremate them, for he could see we had neither the labor nor the time to dig graves. After the priest had approved, it was all right with the people. A thing like that can't wait in summer. In some towns where bodies have been left four or five days you can smell them several miles away.

"The next big problem was food. Military vehicles are usually monopolizing the roads during the first few days, and you have to feed the people from what hoarded food you find in the cellars of big shot Fascists who have skipped, but this town was off the main road so we permitted the acting mayor to send mule carts and pushcarts into the country to buy fruits and vegetables. Luckily, before the Italian army skipped it had locked up in the town jail a two-day supply of flour, so we ordered the acting mayor to get the bakeries going.

For fuel, they could use splintered beams from bombed houses.

"But he still hung around, and finally asked, in an embarrassed way, 'Who's going to pay for all this?' meaning the wages of the men who dug out the bodies and cleaned up the streets. We were, we explained, and showed him the bundles of clean, printed *lire* notes we'd brought, and he trotted off. Eventually, of course, the local people would have to pay, because such costs would be charged against the town and collected through local taxes.

"Now we could see about getting our permanent AMG officer settled. The first necessity was an interpreter. There were plenty of volunteers, for lots of these people spoke English, but we'd found from experience that most Sicilians resent their smart countrymen who have spent ten years in America and then come home to flash their bankrolls and tell them how much better everything is in the Bronx. You also have to beware of picking an interpreter who will play his friends up and his enemies down, and

try to tell you how to run the town. But Andy finally located one with a good English vocabulary who seemed to have no personal political ambitions.

"Now that we had things under control, we knew our permanent AMG man could handle it alone. He was a hardworking kid who'd been mayor of some little town in the Middle West. He must have done a good job because we heard later the Italians got pretty keen on him. Andy and I piled in our jeep and started off to the next town just a few kilometers up the line, which our Army had just passed through. Here we made a discovery-an Italian army cache of antiseptics, atabrine, iodine, morphine, ether and bandages. Of course we thought of that hospital, so we piled this stuff into the jeep, drove to an American quartermaster dump for some extra rations for those hungry Italian doctors, then returned to the town. And were they glad to see us!

"That winds up the first day and that's how AMG goes into almost any foreign town."

LST: RUGGED DUTY

(Continued from page 21) springs and eyeballs ache with searching the dark vault of sea and sky.

Bigger ships have milkshakes and movies. The LST's have only the luxury of a life-jacket to cushion the steel deck for the off-watch sleeping by their guns.

And when the voyage is over, they load up and go back again, week after week and month after month.

Ensign Richard O. Young, USNR, of Columbia, South Carolina, is the executive officer, second in command. Only recently the ship's cook baked a chocolate cake to celebrate Young's twenty-fourth birthday. But he is young in name only, now. He can tell some of the highlights of the ship's past.

"Well, there's really not much to it. We came out from the States and somehow managed to arrive at Guadalcanal in June, 1943. The next day the Nips came over with the biggest air-raid of that campaign, and hit another LST beached alongside us, but we came out all right. We went into Rendova on the day after the first landings without incident. The biggest scrap we've been in so far was at Vella. We went in on the first day, and the Japs kept after us all the time we were on the beach. We were bombed and strafed from morning till night, but miraculously nobody was badly hurt. We shot down four planes sure that day.

"On our second trip to Vella we caught it hot and heavy all night enroute, but we knocked down one dive bomber. Later we sat on the beach while 30 Nips did their damnedest but the final score was no hits for them, two more planes for us."

Seaman second class R. E. Freling, 18, of Los Angeles, one of the 20 mm. gunners, got so absorbed in his job that he fired more than twice the prescribed number of rounds and burned his hand badly on the white-hot barrel. But he got his plane and then calmly turned a hose on the gun.

The gunners on the LST's are terrific. They have to be. Originally the ships were equipped with only a few small-calibre anti-aircraft guns. Now the 395 has about five times that many, which they have begged, borrowed, stolen and salvaged all over the South Pacific. They can put up a curtain of lead that effectively dampens the enthusiasm of Tojo's flyboys.

Result: seven meatballs.

"Wonder how much it costs to send one of those so-and-so's to join his ancestors?" yells one gunner between bursts during gunnery drill.

"I dunno," replies another, "but it gets cheaper every day."

The crew gives all the credit for their phenomenal shooting to lanky Ensign Henry Brazell King, 22, of New York City. He is also a Reserve, choosing the Navy despite the fact that his father was an army officer in the last war. King knows guns, is cool as a cucumber, and can tell a Jap plane from a friend when it's only a pin-point in the sky to everybody else. You have to see him in action to know why the crew worships him. Standing on the exposed conning bridge with binoculars and megaphone, he seems to have personal control of every gun on the ship.

On this run, the third the 395 has

made to Empress Augusta, she got off with only one attack. A lone Nip divebomber sneaked in out of the sun and dropped one bomb from about 500 feet at, but not on, the convoy. He then high-tailed it homeward. The gunners were disappointed, for with one more plane accounted for they would lead the LST flotilla.

All of the last night's journey, as the 395 lumbered along off the Bougainville coast, from which flashes of artillery fire were clearly visible, Jap snoopers circled overhead. Thanks to the lack of moonlight, and the inaccuracy of Jap flares, she was not spotted, and hit the beach at dawn under a protecting cover of American fighters.

This time was the exception, however, and the LST's can't afford to take chances. Their price of continued buoyancy is constant vigilance, for the tale is oft repeated that if two torpedoes are headed for an LST, the second will pass over the masthead. All night long officers and crew stood at General Quarters, and at the end of this vigil all hands turned to, to get the cargo ashore and get off the beach.

The beaches at Bougainville, like its jungles, are the worst in the Solomons. In the early landings, trucks, tanks and tractors drove out of the open maw of the LST's and off the ramps into four feet of surf, from which they had to be towed by caterpillars, This was a tedious process, and every extra minute spent immobilized on the beach decreases the life-expectancy of an LST. On this voyage, four ex-captains of LST's, lost lingering on other hostile beaches, vol-



SHARE THE RIDE TODAY

... and You Give Uncle Sam a Lift

Where would we be today if our forefathers had gone their separate ways at their own convenience? When this nation was in its infancy, neighbor gave neighbor a helping hand. That spirit expanded 13 struggling colonies into a vast, united nation.

Today our country is calling upon

every one of us to enlist in a great awakening of that early American creed of helping ourselves by helping our neighbors. Sharing our automobiles is as easy as it is helpful. Wherever we go, there's somebody going our way. When we give him a lift, we give Uncle Sam a lift on the way to Victory.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—40 name a few.



It is in those moments of wellearned relaxation that a beverage of moderation proves a welcome companion. Endweiser matches your mood for a friendly chat or your mood for repose. It is considerate of tomorrow's obligations.

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unteered together with 23 enlisted men to experiment with a portable bridge arrangement to span the few feet of surf from ramp to shore. Laboring like Trojans, in water up to their shoulders, they completed the structure in one hour, and heavy trucks began rolling over it.

The officer charged with loading and unloading is the first lieutenant, Lieut. (jg) Theodore Pekelder, USNR, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. He is the ship's only veteran of World War I, in which he served in subchasers.

"The only trick to unloading quickly," says Pekelder, "is to load properly. You simply have to remember that 'the first shall be last."

He seems to have mastered the trick, for the 395 has unloaded at the rate of 1,000 tons an hour.

Even when the ship is unloaded and ready to head for home, the work goes on. For she does not go back empty. Hundreds of wounded men, made as comfortable as possible on canvas cots, are carried back to base hospitals. To tend them, the 395 has two medical officers and four corpsmen.

Lieutenant Wayne W. Waters, USN, 31, acts as mess treasurer on the way up and as doctor on the way back. His wife and daughter live in Los Angeles.

"The thing that gets you about these wounded boys," Dr. Waters recalls, "is that they won't stop fighting. I have never heard a complaint, except that they want to go back to their buddies."

No, there is nothing glamorous about the LST's, or the youngsters of the dungaree Navy who sail them. Always on the go and always weary, the men of the LST flotillas are proud of their "rugged duty." They are proud of their commodore, Captain Grayson B. Carter, USN, who has an acute aversion to red tape and a flair for colorful—and often unprintable—dispatches. The commodore puts cotton in his ears during gunnery drills, and finds it inconvenient to remove it, as a result of which his orders are always heard—and always obeyed.

The comradeship of arms is at its best on these untouted ships. Captain Forbes says of his crew: "They're tops! You can't single out one, but together they're the best." This affection is reciprocal, and when "the Old Man" got the Silver Star for his job at Vella, all hands agreed it should have been the Navy Cross.

KHAKI CLOWNS

(Continued from page 15)

He gave up center ring dumbbell juggling to juggle point values, and now the well-fed midgets share extra coupons with the always-hungry side show giants. Don't ask what they do about shoe coupons.

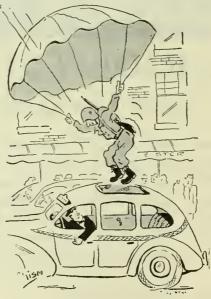
Luckily, gorilla Gargantua is a vegetarian, so clowns, large and small, get their fill of muscle-building meats at the circus cookhouse. In fact, they've even developed a miniature strong man. They're still talking about our friend Paul Horompo and how he became hero of the home front a few seasons back...

"Tiger Loose! Tiger Loose!" was the creaded shout, and everyone in sight scampered up the chandeliers. A vicious Bengal tiger had slipped free while being prodded through chutes into the Garden's steel ring arena. Unsuspecting little Paul walked up the ramp from a Clown Alley costume change in the basement and right in his entrance portal came face to face with the snarling beast.

"Lady" was a man and midget-eating tiger and she prepared to spring. Paul was playing "Sneezy," one of the Seven Dwarfs, and his prop for the walkaround was a light wooden pickaxe. He blinked once or twice, then wound up and let it fly at the crouched cat. "Lady" was miraculously stunned—or surprised at the midget's muscle, no one knows which—and attendants soon netted the straying ciger. Patrons sat only thirty feet away, unaware of the Frank Buck catch under way, and for preventing a panic, Horompo earned the coveted title of "Lady-killer."

Pee-wee performers clique together in The Alley, and dressing next to Paul is another abbreviated actor, dwarf Frankie Saluto. Frankie was the one-half-man show who shot explosive humor among 5,000 servicemen at Fort Slocum during one appearance last winter. He also tumbled, juggled and put on his complete single-man entertainment for circus fans confined in St. Albans Naval Hospital.

"Nosey" Lou Jacobs sounds off again to report he had come to the Garden straight from volunteer engagements with the U.S.O at Camp Blanding, Fort Meyers, and Camp Buckingham. Tiny or tall, the year round, 1944 Joeys are launching a successful laugh blitz.



"This cab taken?"

Cue for the top guffaw-getter of the season is, "Fireman, save my child!" A clown classic, the firehouse number tonight featured Joe and me on the bucket brigade. Of course, we were a little late reaching the ringside blaze this year. We raced to the performers' entrance for our usual place on miniature Engine No. 3, but no longer did the hook and ladder's motor putt and purr comically. Not even an "A" card for this essential driving, so we tore out on the Hippodrome pulled by ponies.

Yes, whatever problems Hitler and Hirohito tossed into the laugh-making lives of Tanbarkland's humorists, the boys met... with a smile. Nor was it always easy to pack up their troubles, for more than once War Department telegrams hit home with sickening force.

There was the kid called "Angel" who handled bulls in the menagerie. When he wasn't working with the elephants he'd do the opening spectacle walkaround with the Joeys. Not long ago just before a matinee word came from the European theater that in a B-17 block-busting the Continent, Angel "got his"—and will lose both legs.

Go in for the Spec walkaround and be funny?

"Maybe at times like that we should hate, hate and hate some more," says clown Jack LeClaire, war veteran member of Frank Wilcox Post of the Legion at Fall River, Mass. "But somehow we don't. You see, on the Ringling show there are 24 nationalities represented. People we live with as friends. Right here in The Alley there are Joeys who are French, Swiss, Belgian, Italian, German, English and American!"

The way these real "fighting fools" explain it, there's a new banner flying over the Big Top. It sports the traditional colors—Ringling red and Barnum blue—but it also boasts 874 stars. And more than a few of these soldiers on that service flag were from here in Clown Alley. Veterans of the buffoon battalion who are now G.I. Joes instead of Joeys.

Until Victory, the armed forces have some of the best comics in show business. But, for that matter, the Army always has had the khaki Clown of Clowns. Master Sergeant Elmer C. Lindquist, Legionnaire and career soldier since 1906, now heads a rugged M.P. Battalion at Jacksonville, Florida. Military policemen under him never dreamed

(Continued on page 37)



These are the Americans we serve today

Here are your sons who quietly stow their civilian clothes in mothballs to step into the garb of fighting men . . . your daughters who give up the pleasures of home to join their brothers in uniform.

Here, too, are your friends and neighbors who are working with you shoulder to shoulder ... turning out munitions, producing food, buying War Bonds ... men and women who keep the home fires burning and the home front strong.

These are the Americans intercity bus lines serve... and at the rate of more than 950 million passengers in 1943... more intercity passengers than were carried by any other form of public transportation.

True, this achievement has called for some sacrifice of the comfort and convenience that made bus travel so enjoyable in peacetime.

But it's only for a while. And to the millions of passengers who are accepting wartime conditions with a smile, our sincere thanks... and a promise. As sure as victory, travel as you like it, over America's scenic highways, will come again . . . better than ever!

Intercity Buses Are Doing a War Job Only They Can Do... Carrying War-Busy Millions Who Must "Get There" By Highway



WAR WORKERS. In busy war plants, workers count on buses for daily transportation.



FIGHTING MEN. Over the highways, buses directly serve all principal military camps.



INDUCTEES. Buses carry the great majority of inductees called up for service.



FARMERS. By bils, thousands of workers answer the call of our farmers for help in their fields.

Buses keep highways at work for victory

In 1942, more than half of all passengers who used public carriers for intercity travel depended on buses. ¶ With but 26% more buses in use than in 1941, 145% more passengers were carried in 1943... approximately 1500 passengers per seat, per year! ¶ Intercity buses deliver from 2,000 to 7,000 passenger miles for each pound of rubber consumed and 160 passenger miles for each gallon of fuel, thus making a major contribution to the nation's program of conserving vital war materials.

An irreplaceable wartime service

Specializing in the movement of manpower, intercity bus lines have relieved other transportation facilities of an overwhelming load . . . making it possible for them to perform their special wartime tasks. ¶ Along 330,000 miles of strategie highways, 21,480 intercity buses serve wartime America . . . reaching the smallest villages and the largest cities . . . serving thousands of communities that have no other means of public travel. This vital transportation must be kept strong and equal to its tasks.

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

GIFT OF THE GAY NINETIES

The TELEPHONE for friendly words . . . LIGHT WHISKEY for friendly taste



those are just two steps on the path of progress credited to the Gay Nineties.

And that same famed better taste of light whiskey is yours to enjoy because the original distiller, Mr. J. G. Kinsey, still personally supervises its blending. Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pa. KINSEY

Blended Whiskey

NJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR...NOW AS IN 1892

86.8 Proof . 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

KHAKI CLOWNS

(Continued from page 34)
heir tough top kick's deep, o

of their tough top kick's deep, dark secret. Yet for three decades he has been loved by children of all ages as the country's foremost amateur whiteface wit.

Lindquist holds the honor of being a master sergeant longer than any other man in the history of the U. S. Army and is today the most decorated enlisted man alive. To youngsters the nation over, however, his 36 medals are far less impressive than his skill for nutty antics with an overgrown monkey wrench or his hilarious hooting in the Ringling clown band.

Days off, passes, furloughs all go into

performing visits with any circuses playing within train or flying time of his AAF camp. Where Joe Ward and I leave off in the Garden, Lindquist takes over under canvas as one of the nation's few privileged junior Joeys.

A member of Edward C. DeSaussure Post in Jacksonville, Sergeant Lindquist once was Grand Conducteur of the 40 and 8 for nine years in his native Connecticut. Back home in Hartford he also belongs to the Circus Fans Association of America. Outstanding example of his zeal for Sawdustland came when he decided to use his precious annual furlough to attend an ordinary meeting of this circus fraternity.

Lindquist was New England-bound when tragedy struck. He was aboard the ill-fated streamliner which crashed in North Carolina last winter, killing scores of passengers. Hurled over an embankment, the soldier comic miraculously wasn't even scratched. Yet, when he finally reached Connecticut, Lindquist wore extra wound stripes. He was practically weeping . . for his bass horn which he repeatedly carried in clown parades lay hopelessly crushed in the wreckage.

When V-Day arrives and Joeys come marching home, maybe circus life will be more than an off-duty hobby to us khaki clowns. Meanwhile, Clown Alley at War offers one small advantage. I don't have to wear funny wigs. I've got a G.I. haircut!

THAT MAN CLARK

(Continued from page 27)

First he divided his force in to three parts and each, in the night, approached the town from a different direction, the main body marching on the fort itself. The surprise being complete, a signal was given upon which all men in the three parties who could speak French ran through the town yelling that the fort had been taken by the Americans and that any of the inhabitants who appeared in the streets would be shot.

The assumed ferocity of the Americans brought, as Clark hoped, a pitiful plea that at least the lives of the women and

children be spared.

Clark had them where he wanted them. They could rest assured, he said, that no prospect of plunder had brought the American expedition hither. Did they not know that the King of France had joined the American side? Yet they were still at liberty to take whichever side they pleased without fear of losing their lives or property.

All religions, Clark told them, were to be tolerated in America. Instead of interfering with theirs, any insult to it

would be punished.

The story of Clark's magnanimity spread, as he knew it would, making friends of the French, Creoles, some of the Spanish, and even influencing the Indians. He dispatched Captain Bowman and thirty men to take Cahokia, which they did. Hands down, because Clark had sent with Bowman a fifth column consisting of residents of Kaskaskia who had personal connections in Cahokia, for a softening-up process. That sort of thing isn't exactly new, either.

Then he carefully selected two men—a priest named Gibault and a Dr. Laffont—and started them off for Vincennes to sell a similar bill of goods. They did a thorough job. In two days the emissaries of the Governor left town, the population went in a body to a

church, took an oath of allegiance and ran up the American flag.

Clark went to work on the Indians, not with shooting irons but with sales pow-wow. Meanwhile, by clever dissemination of false reports and other devious means, he created the impression that he had twice as large a force as he actually had.

Captain Helm, left in command of Vincennes with only a force of local militia, was attacked by Colonel Hamilton with 500 English troops and Indians, including artillery. The Vincennes militia promptly deserted, and Helm surrendered. In October, 1778.

Clark surmised that it was Hamilton's intention to drive the Americans from the territory in the spring. He knew he couldn't defend it. So, like Marshal Foch, he viewed the situation as excellent and decided to attack. Before spring. He sent Lieutenant Rogers with 40 men by boat and, on February 5th, 1779, started for Vincennes with 60 French and Creole volunteers and 70 Americans.

Two hundred and forty miles to go! Eighteen days over land mostly flooded, through freezing and thawing weather and cold rains. Water above their boots,



"Ain't Eddie the lucky one, tho'?"

above their leggings, above their breeches. Ice one-half to three-quarters of an inch thick around the edges. With little food and no shelter, but with Clark encouraging, pleading, threatening, wise-cracking and always leading, the allies forged ahead.

February 23d they came in sight of Vincennes. Rogers' navy never caught up with them.

During the day, practicing every imaginable bluff—marching and countermarching his men, parading a dozen stands of colors he had lugged all that distance, in a way to create the impression he had a thousand instead of less than two hundred men, using every means to procure information of the enemy, somehow even wangling desperately needed ammunition out of the town itself—he boldly demanded Hamilton's unconditional surrender.

Hamilton became worried. Negotiations began. Clark did not push his bluff too far. He modified his first terms and at ten o'clock on the morning of February 25th Hamilton's force, including some of the King's Own Regiment, marched out and surrendered—to a military minority of miserable Americans. As the King's men discovered too late. Never did the British regain control of the territory. George Rogers Clark had made it safe.

Then the reaction set it. Back in the Virginia political center Long Jaw Campbell and other enemies of Clark got busy. They accused him of tyranny, ambition, vanity, peculation, drunkenness, idleness, collusion with horse thieves—and cowardice. When his accounts were investigated, his personal commitments for Virginia's military supplies were left for "future adjustment," which, on a claim against the government, means plenty of future and little adjustment. Clark was financially ruined. And his reputation beaten to a pulp.

He won't dodge this-



Don't you dodge this!



The kid'll be right there when his C. O. finally gives the signal . . .

There'll be no time to think of better things to do with his life. THE KID'S IN IT FOR KEEPS-giving all he's got, now!

We've got to do the same. This is the time for us to throw in everything we've got.

This is the time to dig out that extra hundred bucks and spend it for Invasion Bonds.

Or make it \$200. Or \$1000. Or \$1,000,000. There's no ceiling on this

The 5th War Loan is the biggest, the most vitally important financial effort of this 5"WAR LOAN whole War!



Back the Attack! **BUY MORE THAN BEFORE!**

AMERICAN LEGION

This is an official U.S. Treasury ad ertisement —prepared under auspices of Treasury.

Department and War Advertising Council

He fought for land grants to his men. At that time the Government had lots of land to give and little money to spend. Now it has little land to give and lots of money to spend.

In 1809 Clark had a stroke, followed by the amputation of his right leg, with a fifer and drummer playing martial tunes as his only anesthetic.

Virginia passed an act awarding General George Rogers Clark a beautiful sword and a "princely" pension of four hundred dollars a year. Clark, in a

wheel chair, listened in silence to the presentation by the Governor's representative. Then, laying the sword across his lap, which was about the only thing a one-legged man with paralysis could do with a sword, he said, "Young man, when Virginia needed a sword, I found her one. Now I need bread!"

Deprived of the use of his speech, his limbs and most of his mental faculties by another stroke, he died on February 13, 1818. Some day he'll be in the Hall of Fame. He rates it.

DAN TO BEERSHEBA

(Continued from page 12) muddy spot in the middle of a shallow basin and you were supposed to rejoice at sight of any waterhole. Only the claims on this one seemed to be already staked out. Dan rubbed some of the dust off his goggles. It wasn't a mirage. There were at least a dozen tents, brown with stripes, a huddle of camels and

goats, but more important, a group of plenty tall white figures.

"We'll skirt around them," he decided. "These tribesmen don't like folks fussing around their water. Captain was telling me a story just the other day." He twisted his wheel and the jeep ambi-tiously pushed its front end into softer sand and the motor died. There was a

MEMORIAM

OWARD P. SAV-AGE, twelfth National Commander of The American Legion in line of succession, died at the Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital at Chicago, Illinois, on May 7, after a short illness. Again the Legion mourns the passing of a distinguished leader, the ninth of its Past National Commanders to pass from this life.

from this life.

Past National Commander Savage was elected to the highest office in the Legion after a memorable contest at the Philadelphia contest at the Philadelphia National Convention in 1926. Opposed by J. Monroe Johnson of South Carolina; Thomas Amory Lee of Kansas, and Jay Williams of South Dakota, as nominees, and with scattering votes for Edward E. Spafford of New York and others, the election was not determined until the 21st ballot.

Highlight of National Commander Savage's term of office in 1926-1927 was The American Legion pilgrimage to France in 1927, when heled 22,000 Legionnaires back to the scenes

naires back to the scenes of their battles to hold a National Convention in

of their battles to hold a National Convention in Paris, where the Legion had been formed eight years before. That pilgrimage is still called the greatest civilian movement overseas ever attempted. He presided at the National Convention held at the Trocadero in Paris, September 19 to 22.

Remaining active in his home Department of Illinois—he was the second National Commander from that Department—and in the National Organization after stepping down from the high Legion command, Commander Savage served as President of the Endowment Fund Corporation, which administers the \$5,000,000 trust fund raised in the interest of child welfare and rehabilitation.

Born in Boone, Iowa, in 1884, Commander Savage was sixty years of age at the time of his death. He went to Chicago at the age of fourteen; graduated from the Lewis Institute, a Chicago preparatory school, and attended the University of Wisconsin. Leaving the university to play professional baseball, he pitched for the Chicago Cubs for one year, later



HOWARD P. SAVAGE 1884-1944

playing in the Western League, the Iron Moun-tain League, and with Chicago semi-professional

Chicago semi-professional teams.

At the time he was stricken, Commander Savage was serving as business manager of the Board of Education of Chicago, a position he had held for more than twelve years.

His business career was a long and eventful one.

His business career was a long and eventful one, and he carved out his place by dint of his own efforts. Starting with the Northwestern Railroad as rodman with a surveying crew, he later became a junior engineer with the Chicago Rapid Transit Company. He won rapid promotion, and subsequently became general manager of the North Shore Electric lines of Chicago; then general manager of the Marigold Motor Coach Company, and remained with that concern until he became connected with the Chicago Board of Education as business manager in 1932. 1932

as business manager in 1932.

During the First World War, Past National Commander Savage served overseas as a lieutenant with the 55th Engineers. He became one of the organizers of the Chicago Elevated Post, serving twice as its Commander. He was Commander of the Cook County Council of the Legion, in 1922, and served as Department Commander of Illinois for the 1923-1924 term; as a member of the National Executive Committee in 1925-1926.

National Adjutant Donald G. Glascoff paid tribute to him as "one of the outstanding leaders of the Legion, and one of the statesmen important in shaping the early policies of the organization." Surviving are his widow, Lu Mary Savage, and two children, Ann, 13, and Jay, 11. Funeral services were held in Chicago on Wednesday, May 10, at St. Margaret Mary Catholic Church. National Headquarters was officially represented by National Vice Commander Martin V. Coffey of Middletown, Ohio; National Historian Tom M. Owen, Jr., of Washington, D. C., and Charles M. Wilson, Coordinator, World War II Liaison Committee.

AUTO-LITE ANNOUNCES NEW



HEY'RE pin-up girls like you never saw before! - fresh as the mountain dew on Gran'paw's whiskers and just as fetching. Printed in a ready-to-mail folder along with a whole new set of "Mountain Boys" cartoons, they're

hore nuft

just the chuckle tonic every man in service needs.

Auto-Lite has a FREE supply for your Post to send along right now. Just mail the coupon today - tell Auto-Lite how many you can use - and they'll be on their way. Better hurry though—the supply is limited. Write today!

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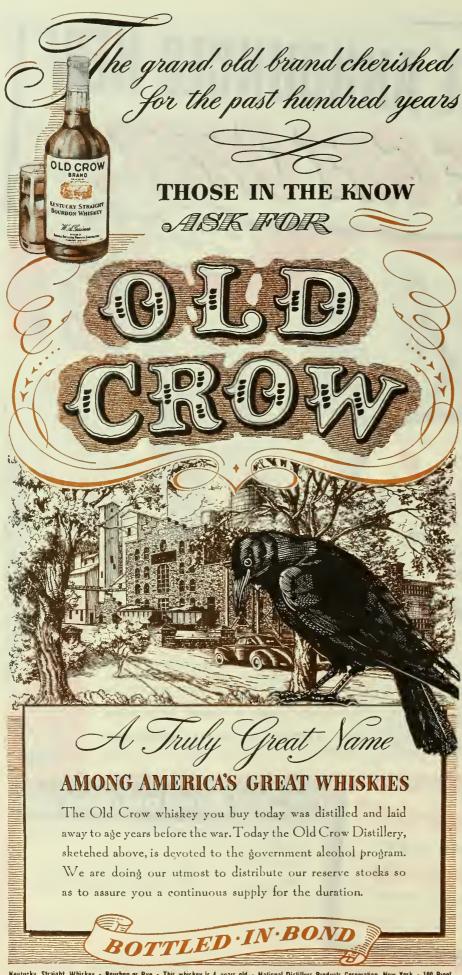
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copies of your Pin-up Girls folder which includes a new set of "Mountain Boys" cartoons.

Name

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Kentucky Straight Whiskey. Bourbon or Rye . This whiskey is 4 years old . National Distillers Products Corporation, New York . 100 Proof

silent moment when Dan heard the corporal breathing.

"Skirt, hell," he said. "They spotted us 'fore we left Brooklyn!"

Dan climbed out and ceremoniously examined the front wheels. They had done a good job, digging in. "If we can pry her up . . ." he kicked at the hot sand.

"Yeh, if and but." The corporal laughed, but not as if there were anything funny. "Look at 'em come!" he

Some of the tribesmen already were mounting their camels. A dozen others were running on afoot, picking up their long robes, kicking up the yellow dust in short strides.

"Keep your hand off your gun," Dan warned, "and for gosh sakes don't try to spit all the time. They don't like folks to spit." He climbed back into the jeep, with the corporal on the seat behind him. The lead camel certainly was covering ground. Its rider was true Arab; Dan could tell by the two dark bands around his turban. He carried a long gun across his knees and he wasn't smiling. Dan brought up his hand in a friendly salute. The Arab only stared.

"No keys to the city danglin' 'round his neck," the corporal said.

Camels, approaching silently, were forming a swaying circle around the jeep. Dan counted them . . . eight camels, eight riders, eight long Arabian rifles glinting in the sun. "Well, remember our Guide Book," he said. "We're just ambassadors. Here to bring good will."

"Yeh?" The corporal gulped and Dan tried to remember the right words: "Good day" in Arabic was what? "Nahaar-something.'

He gave up and called out, "Hi, folks. Anybody speak English?"

"Peace be unto you." the leader said. "I speak." His soft voice was both pleasant and musical, but his eyes remained expressionless. He kicked his camel in the side with his bare heels and it swayed

"We are looking for Beersheba," Dan said, pronouncing it correctly. He tried to smile but no smile answered him.

"You no have permit here," the leader answered. "You no invited."

"That's the truth," Dan agreed cheerfully. "We're lost."

"Without invited," the Arab repeated, "I no permit. To permit, the present is required. Understan'? Baksheesh. Present." He leaned over and looked into the jeep, eyeing their equipment. "The small pistols, no?"

"No." Dan answered firmly. "We're Americans."

It had no effect. The chief only said, "For oil you come? I understan'. The oil, it is mine.'

"We don't need oil," Dan said, "just a push. We're stuck, see? Stuck.'

The pistols," the Arab repeated. He was jabbing the camel with his bare heels. Slowly it went down to its knees, awkwardly and crying out as if the effort were painful. The Arab slid off and stood beside the camel's head, his long rifle leaning against his shoulder. A knife showed in his sash. He clasped his hands behind his neck and said, "Put hands so. In this manner you be not damaged."

"All right, my lad, put 'em up," Dan bade the corporal. "Remember the Guide Book. They've hearts of gold, once you know 'em." He clasped his own hands around his neck.

"So," the leader said. "Now, the small pistols."

"Pass out my gun?" the corporal exclaimed. "Damned if I will! It's charged ag'in' me. . . ."

The Arab reached into the holster and took it, then Dan's. From the rear seat he also lifted the water tin. "This also," he said, putting it under his arm. "Now go." He waved. "Return not."

"But wait," Dan cried, "we're stuck! Look!" He leaned out and pointed to the wheels.

"Oh?" The leader gave a short command. His men lifted, pushed, sweated. Suddenly the wheels caught.

"You are a friend," Dan cried. "Now, where is Beersheba?"

The Arab pointed silently.

"Straight ahead? I thank you!"

"We still goin' there?" the corporal objected.

Dan stepped on the gas. "Don't know how I'd keep my morale up without you, darling," he sighed.

At the bottom of the next wadi, the camel track suddenly reappeared among the stones. The tortured jeep jolted over one sandhill and then another. At its top Dan felt justified in lighting a cigarette.

"Well, I told you we'd get here, didn't I?" he said.

Beersheba lay, unhidden, at the end of the flat waste, a jumble of mud houses, with here and there a short minaret pointing hopefully toward the copper heavens. Dan could smell the town before he reached its untidy outskirts. It was the sweet, unwashed smell of the East, spices and dirt and age and dust mingled into a single unmistakable odor.

He sought the narrow main street. There was a good hard road down its middle and the bazaars stood open along both sides. Coppersmiths, saddlers, bakers, weavers, merchants of every sort squatted in the dark shade.

"Rich town, I hear," Dan said. "Even used to have seven wells," and then, as if that were explanation enough for coming, he entered the first shop.

Bolts of cotton cloth filled one mud shelf, with spools of bright colored thread and baked clay bowls holding dusty buttons. On hooks along one wall hung ornamental jewelry. Dan pointed to a pair of bracelets.



Two TIN FISH FOR TOJO!

Until it is slammed straight for the belly of a frantically twisting, dodging Jap ship, a Navy aerial torpedo should be handled with care! And that is the way this deadly pair, cradled one over the other in a huge rubber barge, is being transported. In rearmament service these big rubber boats provide their lethal loads with a

"safety zone"...a plump cushion of air that completely surrounds the cargo, safeguarding it against the danger of shock or collision. Many Evinrudes are used in such service, providing capable driving power and a high degree of maneuverability.



2 Up she comes, the day's work done! This photo shows the type of bracket widely used for mounting an Evinrude on a large rubber boat. Evinrude has developed many special mounting brackets to meet the varied needs of small craft used by the Army and Navy.



Send for copy of 1944 "Owners' Edition" of the Evinrude News. A pictorial magazine that covers outboards in war and peace — profusely illustrated with photos showing Evinrudes serving the Army and Navy, and pictures of happy peacetime uses to follow! Write for your copy!

1 Servicing Seaplanes is another job for which rubber boats are ideally adapted. For powering big rubber boats, Evinrude now produces a special model of its famed Lightfour, built with deep shaft, high-ratio reduction gear, and 360-degree steering that permits the boat to be maneuvered in any direction.



3 The Jups use outboards too, as is shown by this photo of a Jap outboard captured somewhere in New Guinea, and patched up by our boys to serve in ferrying supplies to the beach. Perhaps, by this time, it has been replaced by a sparkling Evinrude Speeditwin, a "popular number" in the far Pacific!



EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS

EVINRUDE MOTORS, 5064 N. 27th St., Milwaukee 9, Wis.

Every Dollar You Invest Helps Speed Victory - Buy More Bonds







A service man or woman would be glad to read this copy of your magazine after you have finished with it. How to do it? See instructions in the second column on page 2.

"Well, for the love of Pete!" the corporal exclaimed, "is that what we come

The shopkeeper, a sad-eyed man in a dirty turban, blew the dust from one pair and laid them tenderly in Dan's palm.

They were thin, flat bands of a material that looked like ebony, decorated with silver stars and crescent moons and tiny silver camels.

"How much?" Dan asked.

The merchant took the burned-out cigarette from his mouth and smiled,

showing that he was mighty on teeth. "Speak English?" Dan asked. He got out his wallet. The smile broadened.

"Dinar?" the merchant asked.

"No." Dan shook his head. He hadn't known he was coming into Palestine. He had only Egyptian money. He peeled off a five piaster note. The merchant nodded vigorously and held up both hands, with fingers spread.

"Holy cripes!" the corporal said. "Fifty piasters . . . that's . . . "

"Plenty cheap," Dan said. He peeled off the small notes, counting them carefully. Fifty piasters . . . two dollars. He threw in an extra one, just for good measure. "Now if we can find some water," he said to the corporal.

There was a pump across the way. It might be dirty water, but it was wet. And he had what he wanted. Without breaking any of the Articles of War, either.

Of course, they'd lost their guns, but even during that regrettable incident, they had remembered to be Good Ambassadors. And these bracelets on Joan's wrists . . . ah, wouldn't they be beautiful!

He turned them over admiringly. On the inside of each was a fine printed inscription. He got down in the shade of the jeep and lifted one bracelet close to his eyes. It said:

"Acme Plastics, Battle Creek, Mich-

"Well, what's wrong now, sir?" the

corporal demanded. "Nothing," Dan said. He put the

bracelets in his pocket and unscrewed his canteen. "Not a thing. They'd be cheap, at ten times the price." He searched around in the jeep for a clean sweat rag. "Beersheba," he said, "Battle Creek to Beer-sheba. Corporal, do you know what? This is really a strange war. You learn wisdom in such funny places.'

HORROCKS-IBBOTSON CO., UTICA, N.Y.

HAIL OMAHA!

(Continued from page 25)

A few weeks ago when the last of the \$20,000 mortgage on the old homestead had been paid off, Argonne Post celebrated. The Mayor of Elizabeth, James T. Kirk, who is also a Past Commander of Argonne Post, was one of the celebrants, and when time came to dispose of the plaster, Mayor Kirk nonchalantly lit his cigar with it. That was a \$20,000 light, ringing the changes on the time-honored ceremony of disposing of such documents.

The light from that flaming mortgage opened a new era for Argonne Post. "Since burning the mortgage we have taken in over two hundred new men; five pairs are fathers and sons, and the others are approximately eighty percent from the ranks of World War II veterans," writes Commander Samuel Steinberg. "A class of one hundred and thirty-six were inducted at a special initiation at the Elks Club, of whom one hundred and thirty came from the current war.

"Believe it or not, more than 350 new members were brought in to the Post by Comrade Matthew Nilsen, a policeman by vocation and a Legion worker by avocation, who is Chairman of our Wars I and II Liaison Committed."

Shown in the picture on page 25 are, left to right, City Clerk Patrick Keelan, City Inspector Charles Kling, William Klug, John Frank, Joseph Lynch, Mayor James T. Kirk, L. Hoffman, Sam Reibel, James Carden; in the background, Adjutant Thomas F. Hunter and Commander Samuel Steinberg. All are Past Commanders except the present Commander and Adjutant.

Women's Post

"AT THE mass initiation ceremony on Founders' Day, May 7, commemorating the 25th anniversary of the founding of The American Legion, Missouri Women's Memorial Post of St. Louis was represented by three candidates, all War II veterans," reports Adjutant Marie L. Boehm. "The new members are Mrs. H. J. Wolanin and Miss Ruth Matt of the Army, and Miss L. H. Tisdale of the Navy. The Women's Memorial Post is endeavoring to enroll all honorably discharged ex-service women in St. Louis and surrounding territory."

Send Legion Pubs

MILT PHILLIPS, Oklahoma's Department Adjutant now with the Seebees in Sicily, writes to urge Legionnaires to send their Magazine and Legionnaire to some one overseas. "I put mine in the Recreational Library as soon as I've read it from cover to cover," he says.

BOYD B. STUTLER

The sailor with only 2 sweethearts



MY FRIEND FRANK, bosun's mate first class, pulled the snapshot out of his wallet. "Here she is," he said, beaming: "Eileen." "Nice!" I said. Then I noticed he'd dropped a scrap of paper. "Oh, that's my only other sweetheart," he said. "Look." It was a picture of a shotgun!

2. "I FELL IN LOVE with that shotgun when the Navy issued me one for skeet shooting back in anti-aircraft training," Frank went on. "Sweetest-handling autoloader I've ever come across. It's the Remington Sportsman—and believe me I'm gonna get one after the war. And then . . .



for we'll be married then, I hope—I'm going to fill my pockets with Remington Express shells (you know, those long-range loads), and keep a date on a duck marsh with this second sweetheart of mine. Yes, and . . .

4. "AS FOR QUAIL, I know the place to find the fattest ones that ever

sat in a roasting pan! You use Remington Shur Shot shells for those, of course." "Look, Frank," I said as an idea hit me like a 500-pound demolition bomb. "I gotta girl I hope I'm gonna marry, too. Sometime after this war job is done, what say we get the girls together and let 'em let their hair down for a few days—while we go hunting?" "Sold!" said Frank.

emington

▶ Remington has produced vast military supplies—for months on end making, per day, 30,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and more than enough rifles to equip an entire infantry regiment! And soon—we hope—we will once more be able to furnish sportsmen with Remington shotguns and rifles, Remington Express and ShurShotshells, Remington Hi-Speed .22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with Core-Lokt bullets. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

NEW! Looking toward the day when we can supply essentialcivilian ammunition, we've designed new, easierto-recognize packages for two of your old Remington friends.





Sportsman, Express, Shur Shot, Hi-Speed and Kleanbore are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Core-Lokt is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

43

SUCCESS STORY:



VETERAN E. L. GRAHAM
MAKES OUTSTANDING RECORD
Selling STRAND
MADE-TO-MEASURE
CLOTHES

Ernest L. Graham, of Loris Post No. 41, Loris, South Carolina is one of our top money-makers and has been for years. He makes a fine living selling Strand made-to-measure clothes, and he enjoys the satisfaction of being in business for himself—working when and where he wants. Mr. Graham says that his success can be explained in just six words: Fine tailoring—satisfied customers—repeat business!

YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE MONEY

Full Time or Part Time. It's pleasant work—calling on men at their homes or places of business and offering them a fine selection of made-to-measure clothes at prices that actually save them money! Whether you devote all your time to the tailoring business or whether you do it in your spare time, you can make plenty of money.

Good quick profits. Every sale you make nets you from \$4.25 to \$9.25 at least. And, if you are a good producer, our "Extra Profits plan" makes it possible for you to earn even more. Yet, because Strand Clothes are sold by you, DIRECT FROM MAKER TO WEARER, the prices are mighty reasonable.

Do your friends a favor. When you show them how they can buy 100% all-wool, made-to-measure clothes at prices that are even less than those of many "readymades," you can be sure of a hearty welcome. Every man you know would like to have finer clothes for less money!

Guaranteed Satisfaction. Every sale you make is backed by a written guarantee of "satisfaction or money back." We couldn't possibly make that offer unless we were successful in pleasing the men who buy Strand made-to-measure clothes. And pleased customers mean "repeat business" for you.

Complete outfit free. We'll furnish you everything you need to start business—including large samples of hundreds of all-wool fabrics and a fine looking sales outfit. We instruct you exactly how to take correct measurements—we even give you free advertising material. Yes, sir, we'll start you in business without a penny's cost to you. Just write us that you saw the ad in the Legion Magazine, and we'll do the rest.

STRAND TAILORING CO., INC.

2503 EAST EAGER STREET BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND

Germany's 80-Year Record

By Alexander Gardiner, Editor

PAUL GALLICO'S Fathers and Sons, which you will find on page 22, should be required reading in every grammar school, high school and college in the United Nations, because our young people should know what we oldsters have learned by bitter experience—that Germany must be kept under rigid restraint if the world is to have peace.

Five times within the memory of men now living Germany has gone to war with her neighbors, on four of those occasions wantonly attacking. The first three times she got away with it, the fourth time she was beaten after four years of terrible fighting in which ten million men were killed. The fifth time is the present war, which once again Germany will lose, after an expenditure of life and property that staggers the imagination.

In 1864 Prussia, then as now the core of German aggression, attacked Denmark.

In 1866 Prussia attacked Austria, and threw her out of the German federation.

In 1870 Prussia, through means of a garbled telegram, tricked France into war.

In 1914 Germany supported an Austrian ultimatum to Serbia which would have destroyed Serbian independence. That is the central fact of World War I's origin, despite the whinings of German apologists in this country.

In 1939 Germany attacked Poland. What followed is history we know only too well.

And that's not the whole story, by a long chalk. Time after time between 1888 and 1914 the German emperor rattled the sword, keeping the rest of the world in a dither. His subjects ate it up. Time after time from 1935 on, as Hitler flagrantly broke agreements and set the stage for the fighting in which he and his allies finally forced us to hazard our existence as a free nation, the German people enthusiastically supported him.

How many times has the world got to smack down this bandit nation before it can feel safe?

This time has got to be the last time. We of the United Nations should be telling the German people that the terms they'll get if they surrender by August 1st will not be as good as the terms they'd have got on July 1st, but much better than those to be imposed on September 1st—and so on to the end of the chapter. If the heinies insist on making a last-ditch fight of it the victors will have no alternative to making Germany a land of hewers of wood and drawers of water for at least a generation.

Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Paul Gallico's Fathers and Sons, and make a solemn vow that this outlaw nation will, with Japan and their satellites, pay through the nose. If we go soft and repeat the mistakes we made after administering the thrashing in 1918 we shall break faith with those who died turning back the menace of totalitarianism, and we and our children will get chains and slavery, which is precisely what we'll deserve.

FAITH UNDER FIRE

(Continued from page 11)

All night and all day the task force had kept up this grueling pace. These ships could take it, was the proud thought that came to each of us.

I climbed the ladders to the bridge and gazed over the starboard while talking with Lieutenant Jimmy Shields, the Signal Officer.

"Well, Padre, tonight may be it."

"That's right, Jimmy," I replied, pondering and weighing the full significance of that little word, "it."

Jimmy smiled and leaned closer. He pointed to the sky saying "I hope you've been talking to the Man, putting in a good word for us all."

Back of Jimmy's smile and his casual reference to God as "the Man" I knew there was a deep and sincere faith. I envied simple faith like this and wondered why three years of theological training had failed to impress me with the reality of God as simply as this

strapping young lieutenant had been able to do with a few honest words.

I smiled and nodded, "A lot of us will be talking to the Man before this night is over."

"That's right, Padre," he replied softly.

But not every one aboard felt that it was necessary in a time like this to be on good speaking terms with "the Man up there." Indeed, one of the greatest revelations of my life began an hour later with a young war correspondent, whom I shall call Ralph Ewing.

During a friendly cup of coffee that afternoon he told me that he was the son of a preacher, one of six children, and sketched his early life, which had been one of hardship, as his father struggled from one small church to another. He had worked his way up in the newspaper business, and on the way had shelved religion. I knew him to be a hard-boiled sophisticate, so I asked, "Do you think

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* The 17 Winning Plans are being published in booklet form. If you would like a copy, simply address Pabst Brewing Company, 221 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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THE Pabst Awards were established in observance of the 100th Anniversary of the founding of our business. Their purpose was to stimulate the best thinking of Americans toward the solution of the broad problem of post-war employment in the United States.

A total of 35,767 manuscripts were received.

We are grateful to all those

who submitted manuscripts for the Awards-those who did not win, as well as the winners-for their part in making the competition an unqualified success. To the judges, whose final selections were made from manuscripts identified by number only, our deep appreciation for a difficult job magnificently done.

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JULY, 1944



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you will ever find reality in religion again?"

"Maybe, who can tell, but I can't see it now."

The mess attendants came in to set the tables for the evening meal. The conversation ended as abruptly as it had begun.

TWILIGHT crept softly and beautifully over the sea. It seemed impossible that we were bent on a mission of war. Before the last rays of the day had died away the dim outline of the Solomons appeared on the horizon. The cruiser headed into the evening shadows. The black shroud of night brought a grim reminder of the task before us.

That night a strong task Japanese force would endeavor to effect the landing of several thousand men and tons of supplies on Guadalcanal. For us the imperative: Order to find the enemy and destroy him!

At eight o'clock the general alarm sounded. My battle station was on the bridge where there was a small first aid box I hoped I would not have to use.

The hours dwindled to minutes, and the minutes shrank to seconds.

The thin line on the navigator's chart reached the spot marked X. The whole crew waited as one man. Excited voices came now from men manning the phones. Somewhere a voice saying, "We've picked them up. A whole mess of Jap ships over there."

The long steel barrels of the eight inch guns swung out over the port side and paused in the frozen stillness of a setter pointing toward the prey.

We plugged the cotton tighter in our ears, braced our feet on the deck, took a deep breath of the clean fresh air.

A blinding flash of fire roared from the great guns. The concussion rocked the ship and we stood there rubbing our dazed eyes and coughing out the acrid smoke now sweeping over the bridge.

Red bolts of fire raced across the inky sky toward the enemy some thousands of yards away. The balls of our flying projectiles arched down to the distant horizon and ended their flight in a huge white flash. Great flames leaped into the night and spread fast from the spot of the hit.

"A tanker!" I heard a dozen voices cry out at once.

Again the roaring flash came from our guns and when I looked up I realized every cruiser in formation was now firing salvo after salvo. The whole sky was laced with flying red javelins.

The whole sea out there for miles away was a pool of fire. A half-dozen ships were silhouetted by the blaze.

"Look at those Jap ships burn!" I shouted, and under my breath I would mutter, "Good, good, let 'em burn."

Then, "Oh, God, this is horrible. What has man come to that he can manufacture a Hell like this!"

Another Jap ship exploded and the

whole sea was lighted up for miles. I thought of the thousands of Japs swimming in that lake of fire. A sensation of fanatic joy and a sense of sickness hit me at the same time. From the bridge I was having a bird's eye view of hell. No longer was I conscious of the flashing roar of our guns and the flashing of Jap guns no longer frightened me. This was a nightmare of how terrible man's might and power can become. For this moment life was a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury. Were we still children of God? A sense of shame swept over me, shame for being a member of the human race. My soul was filled with hatred toward one thing-mankind.

Then overhead there was a sharp swishing. Men on the bridge looked up. A voice beside me shouted, "Damn close."

"Yeh," I replied, with my eyes everfastened on the long stream of fire along the beach line of Guadalcanal.

Suddenly the cruiser rocked and a hot, blinding flame swept a hundred feet over the whole ship. We found ourselves in a cave of fire. We had been hit.

Was this it?

Men stood frozen, waiting for the next blow. Our five-inch guns continued to fire away at the enemy. The cease firing klaxon roared. Fire parties raced over the deck to extinguish the flames. As suddenly as the battle had begun, it stopped for us. We had done all the damage we could do to the enemy. If there were any other Jap ships out there the other cruisers still firing away would soon do away with them. We limped away.

HE remaining events of the night I I only remember now as a nightmare. The cries of the wounded, the smell of ether and death. The doctors and corpsmen working like men inspired, doing a lifetime of work in one night, and I blessed science. I knelt beside many a lad I had come to love: I held their hands and listened to their words as they passed on to that other world. Unlike a Hollywood movie, all did not die calmly. Some groaned and screamed their way into eternity. They were young and did not desire to die. Others stepped into the new world with a smile on their bovish faces.

Towards morning I came up to the welldeck for a breath of fresh air. I saw Ewing walking towards me. His eyes were intent upon me and there was a hurt grimness written in his face.

"Padre, are you all right?" he asked earnestly.

"OK, how about yourself?" I was thinking only of his physical well-being.

Then came the revelation I spoke of. Ewing stood before me with a look more penitent than any man I had ever seen kneeling before the altar.

He spoke simply and directly.

"Padre, I've seen the Light."
I was stunned. Here this New Yorker, this twentieth century product of our

sophisticated age, this writer of words, could only express his experience in hackneyed words he had heard a hundred times in his childhood. He had seen the Light.

Then he told me how, under the strain of the terrific battle, he felt his own insufficiency and his need for God.

"Padre," he said, "I prayed last night."

I placed my arm around his shoulder, and all I could say was, "I know, I know what you mean."

In the days following that battle, hundreds of men admitted having the same experience. The veneer of our indifference to things religious and spiritual was shattered by the first salvo. During those terrifying moments we had been driven back to our fundamental instincts. We had discovered our real selves, and having done that-we prayed.

OUTFIT NOTICES

CPACE restrictions permit us at pres-S ent to publish only announcements of scheduled reunions. Let us hope before long we can resume the general service to veterans' organizations that this magazine has always rendered.

Details of the following reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLON CORPS VETS.—
Annual reunion in conjunction with A. L. Natl.
Conv., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18-20. Al R. Wallach,
C. O., 1112 Ambassador Bidg., St. Louis, Mo.
31st (Dixie) Div.—Reunion dinner during
A. L. Natl. Conv., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18-20.
Walter A. Anderson, 5076 N. Wolcott Ave.,
Chicago 40.

RAINROW (42n) Div. Vers. Assoc.

A I. Natl. Conv., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18-20. Walter A. Anderson, 5076 N. Wolcott Ave., Chicago 40.

RAINROW (42D) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Ill., July 13-15. Frank E. Gould, chmn., 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Texas-Okla. (90TH) DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Dallas, Tex., Nov. 3-5. Fred R. Horton, natl. pres., 5621 McComas St., Dallas. 567H PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—13th reunion, Shamokin, Pa., Aug. 5-6. W. M. Gaskin, P. O. Box 161, Smithfie'd, N. C.

310TH INF. AEF VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Syracuse, N. Y., July 29-30. John P. Riley, secy., 151 Wendell St., Providence 9. R. I. VETS. 314TH INF.—Reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 29-30. Edwin G. Cleeland, secy., 6125 McCallum St., Philadelphia, Pa.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—25th reunion, Allentown, Pa., Sept. 29-30. Edwin G. Cleeland, secy., 6125 McCallum St., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

22ND ENGRS., Cos. A, B & C.—Reunion. Ottawa, Ill., Sept. 3. Julius A. Nelson, adit., 25 E. 137th Pl., Riverdale Sta., Chicago 27, Ill. 308TH ENGR. VET. ASSOC.—Reunion, Cambridge, Ohio, Aug. 5-6. Lee W. Staffler, secy., Sandusky, Ohio.

282D AERO SQORN.—5th reunion, Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio, July 29-30. Wm. W. Boyle, 153½ Third St., N. W., Barberton, Ohio., 415TH R. R. TEL. BN.—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 17. For details, J. J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell St., Chicago.

BASE HOSP. 116—26th reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 11. Dr. F. C. Freed, 59 E. 54th St., New York 22, N. Y. U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—25th USAAC Convention, Philadelphia, Pa., July 15. Wilbur P. Hunter, 5321 Ludlow St., Philadelphia 39, Pa. NATL. YEOMEN (F)—Annual reunion-dinner during Legion Natt. Conv., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18-20. Mrs. Mildred Pickarski, chmn., 4209 S. Maplewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A service man or woman would be glad to read this copy of your magazine after you have finished with it. How to do it? See instructions in the box, the second column on page 2.



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Juice of in glass of water

If you are troubled with sluggishness, and

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> water has a refreshing tang, too-clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.

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> P. S. Some prefer the juice of one lemon in a half glass of water with 1/4 to 1/2 teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.



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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATL. HDQTS. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, APRIL 30, 1944
Assets
Cash on hand and on deposit\$1,051,193.06
Accounts Receivable 99,459 30
Inventories 151,291.03
Invested funds 3,152,164.29
Permanent Investment:
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund 225,181.97
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less
depreciation
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less
depreciation
Deferred charges
\$4,930,071.28
Liabilities, Deferred Revenue, Net Worth
Current Liabilities \$ 141,048.15
Funds restricted as to use 44,200.54
Deferred revenue
Permanent Trust:
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund 225, 181.97
Net Worth:
Restricted Capital\$3,107,991.05
Unrestricted Capital 756,974.81 3,864,965.86
D + 0 > 0 O D 1 > 0



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\$4,930,071.28



DOG TAG DOINGS

(Continued from page 30) Nielsville, Minnesota; Lieutenant Elizabeth A. Silkey, Los Angeles, and Lieutenant Spies, Plum City, Wisconsin. The "memsahibs," our caption tells us, work under the inspection of a rapt gallery of Indian children.

Moving on to the next picture we find that "finished with their laundry, the nurses spring a strategic surprise 'laundering' the gallery. Being washed by an American Army nurse is an unusual experience for these Indian

children-as, in fact, is ever being washed at all!"

"India may be a land of glamor in the books," according to caption three, "but washing means ironing the world around, as Lieutenant Sara Jane Houtz, Sioux City, Iowa, demonstrates. If she doesn't seem to be smiling at her work, remember that's an old-fashioned charcoal iron she's using on an ironing board improvised from packing crates.

> JOHN J. NOLL The Company Clerk

FATHERS AND SONS

(Continued from page 22) flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

In Nazi Germany, his opposite number, the little eleven-year-old Hans was pledging his allegiance, his thoughts, his life and his body, to one man, an absolute dictator.

In America, eleven-year-old Bill was learning how to put a curve on a baseball, peg a football, hold a tennis racquet, run, jump, box and wrestle.

In Germany, at the same moment, young Hans was marching, marching, marching. He had a pack on his back and a dagger at his belt. He was learning how to use the dagger. He took orders from a little Fuehrer in charge of his group. He drilled and went on long hikes and took rudimentary instruction in military craft and maneuvers. He learned how to obey blindly and without ques-

In America, Bill was learning how to keep a stiff upper lip and go on playing the game even if he got banged up a bit.

In Germany, Hans was being submitted to trial by pain and torture to prove himself a man. And he was already learning how to apply torture to others.

Bill was being taught that to hit a smaller kid was a sneaking, cowardly, bullying trick and would earn him nothing but the contempt of his playmates.

Hans learned that it was the right of the strong to abuse and bully the weak.

Bill acquired the knowledge at home and from his teachers that everyone despises a snitch and a tattle-tale and that the worst thing he could do was to give away a friend.

Hans was being filled with the gospel that if it will help the Fuehrer, it is right and good to snitch on one's own brother, or parents and give them away to the police.

Bill was being educated to respect law and decency, to hate a liar and a thief, and above all, to be a man of his word, and never break a promise.

Hans was being assured that cheating, lying, stealing and murder were admirable qualities for the advancement of the glory of the Fuehrer and that a promise was to be kept only as long as there was an advantage in doing so.

These are facts from the Nazi system of educating the young in the Nazi phil-

Hans has had ten years of this kind of education, during the ten most formative years of his life. Subsequent youngsters were indoctrinated at a still earlier

The entire generation of German youth is as poisonous and dangerous as

When the war is over and military defeat is suffered, he won't change overnight.

Your son is entitled to know what he is up against. He is entitled to protect himself against the immediate danger to himself and the danger to his own children and his own children's children. For little Hans, who has been so carefully trained and educated to brutalize the world, won't forget.

GLAMOROUS C.B.I.

(Continued from page 16) back from the Hump can see a woman's face. The elation of the men who dodge Zeros and live to tell the tale, the lives of the men who service the planes, sort the mail, serve the chow-somehow it all becomes a part of the girls' lives.

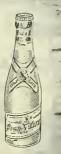
Bill Gunn is a tall, lean faced radio operator-a "static chaser"-from a town that is as American as Huck Finn: Hannibal, Missouri. An order went in recently for his Air Medal-"there's nothing rare about them out here," he mentions.

Bill would tell you that there is nothing unusual about the day his ship, a transport plane, was attacked by five Zeros. Deep cloud banks are the only sanctuary from the chattering guns of diving Jap fighter planes. They hid in











the clouds. Yet these clouds hold the equal peril of icing that may bring a ship crashing down into the mountainside.

One night not long ago Bill came back on a ship with one dead motor and another missing. He had on his parachute—the ship was losing altitude just above the mountains, and the loss of the second engine would make it necessary to jump. They stuck with the ship—it's bad country to walk out of.

You know how bad the country is, how much it means just to be alive, "to see a woman's face," when you hear stories like Frank Cereghino's.

Frank "walked out."

He is well and on his feet again now. But in the hospital the doctor remembers the night they brought Frank back. The doctor smiled and shook his head in wordless tribute to the guts of a tough little sergeant from Portland, Oregon, who was twenty-six days coming out of unimaginably hard country on a leg that was black and swollen with a fracture.

Listen to the boy at the jangling, off-key piano banging out a tune—"Mr. Teagarden, you sure look cute, all dressed up in your Sunday suit . . ."

Mr. T. doesn't know it, but one of the boys from Jack Teagarden's band is here tonight. Another soldier did some pre-induction tooting for Bunny Berrigan. Now they play for "Sad Sack Cables' Sobbing Sahibs," a strictly unofficial name for a bunch of officers and enlisted men who are beating it out for dancing here tonight.

Bill Gunn watches one of the dancers—she swings by, following an indicated pattern of G. I. rug cutting. She is young and pretty with a freshness that is deceptive. It is her job to man the tent canteen, "on the line," with coffee, doughnuts, anything in the way of food she can scrounge, ready when the men take off and when they return from missions. Her best "dish" is a store of feminine U. S. talk—hearing it is like a shot in the arm when a man gets back from the Hump with an adrenalin supply that is as low as his gas tanks.

"People don't talk much about ideals," Bill said quietly. "But that girl is working her head off. She is there when we leave in the morning. And she's right there when we come back at night. She must be traveling under some kind of an ideal."

The girls would like to hear that said about them.

Two of the girls at Bill Gunn's base, "Jackie" McCormick and "Pat" Moore, were in the advertising business back in New York. Now in India they have not lost their sense of "good copy." Their talk is studded with astringent cracks at the Local Color: meaning mud, mosquitaes and, of course, the monsoon. During the last rainy season they were slogging through the rich ooze that the roads become at that time

of year. They wore hip boots, trench coats and "topees," pith helmets to protect the back of their necks from the sluicing rains.

It takes a sense of humor to operate in this part of the world. Pat optimistically paused to light a moldy cigarette under the circling shelter of her helmet.

"I don't know which brand we're supposed to be advertising," she said, "but we sure must look picturesque."

The monsoons have had the best press agent in the world—you have perhaps



"Hey! Isn't the Major's malted milk ready yet?"

heard the news that they have something lightly spoken of as "The Rains." It is nevertheless a fact that your clothes are never dry; your shoes grow green with mold. Prickly heat is not a child's disease—it is an indigenously Indian form of torture. You may take a breather from army chow and try a meal at what passes for the local village restaurant. Come the next day you are apt to have a case of the "G. I.s"—a sultry combination of diarrhea and griping stomach cramps.

To all of this the standard G. I. reaction is—"Glamorous India."

It is no joke, it is a fact that here the Red Cross girls have been assigned to one of the strangest stretches of country east of Suez—"the wrong side," as any enlisted man will elaborately let you know. These men are anxious to drive the war in the C.-B.-I. to its finish in Tokyo. Each and every man is hungry for home. Home isn't New York or San Francisco or a patch of bottom land in Tennessee. It's anywhere back in the States.

That is why these girls know they have a job to do. The Red Cross gives them a shoulder insignia that reads "Military Welfare Service." But in the C-B-I the girls know it simply means supplying a touch of home.

Walk over to the barracks where a group of pilots are sitting on the porches in a grove of banana trees. It is morning and the air is sweet with the smell of woodsmoke from open fires where the

bearers heat buckets of water. The pilots who were out on night missions are sleeping. Others stand in the doorways, sleepy-eyed, shouting for hot water for a shave.

Moments of life or death are summed up in a passing sentence:

"I thought I was going to lose my number two motor. . . .

"According to the altitude reading I should have been in the clear. But one of the peaks was right up there beside me. . . ."

You hear that type of talk at any number of posts. The three most recurrent topics of conversation are: 1. Home, 2. Leave, 3. The President's ICWATC decoration-and, of course, WOMEN. It is almost unnecessary to add that these men talk, live and dream flying.

You hear another walk-out tale-one that reveals the warm appreciation of the Chinese for the American airmen who are risking and giving their lives to supply China. They tell you a story of Chinese friendliness and help, these men-"Monk" Gassner (Lt. E. C. Gassner from Nashville, Tenn.), "Kennie" Snowden (Lt. Kenneth Snowden from Wayne, Ohio), "Slim" Phillips (S/Sgt. R. H. Phillips from Chattanooga, Tenn.), and PFC E. W. Crews, Monto, Va.

"They were really good to us," Lt. Snowden said of their Chinese rescuers.

Whenever the Americans tried to buy a souvenir-straw shoes and big red candles-the Chinese refused payment. Their guide would point to the merchant and explain, "It is a present that he wishes to give from him for you."

Snowden has a letter written in Chinese characters and the translation:

Dear Gentlemen:

We are very pleased that at the dangerous you were all well and reached our Chinese inland. We so glad to see you and have the pleasure to ask you to stay here some more days.

But we are very sorry can not treat you more comfortable so we hope that you will excuse us.

(It is signed by the magistrate of C., the Secretary, the Middle School Principal and the Doctor.)

When they were leaving, their Chinese hosts gave each of the men a farewell gift, a carved marble inkwell for Chinese brush writing with the inscription: "MAKE FAST THE AIRPLANE TO FORCE OUR DEFENCE. WE MUST FIGHT TO THE ENEMIES STILL THEM IS BEND THEIR KNEES."

Snowden said, "The Chinese sentence is not constructed like ours. What it means is, 'We must fight until the enemy bend their knees."

Deeper back in the country at another Red Cross bungalow is a scene that is straight out of a play by Clare

Luce. It is the waking dream of every G. I. in C.-B.-I. land. There are women everywhere-women eating, women in doorways, women in chairs, women sleeping after canteen duties on the "night shift." Blondes, brunettes, redheads. Mostly American girls, a few British, two velvet-eyed Anglo-Indian

At the head of the table sits Kate Lawson-you have seen her face in the movies. Kate played character partsshe has that kind of face. She served in a hospital in France in the last war. Her hair looks jet black but has a trace of auburn and is worn severely tight to the temples. She has snapping eyes that slant slightly; with a little makeup she could pass for practically any nationality.

While an idyllic bit of cinema witchery featuring the South Seas, the last movie she made before leaving the U. S. is showing at one of India's larger cities. Kate is playing an important role in an equally strange setting.

She was the first white woman to return to Burma since the evacuationat least that is what they told her when she flew to an outpost of the Rescue Squadron. She had planned to spend the night and fly out the next day but she had to return because there were no quarters for women. It was just as well-for the next day the place was bombed.

Kate brought Red Cross comfort supplies to these men "at the end of the line." When she was leaving she asked the commanding officer what he would like her to bring on the next visit.

"One blonde, one redhead," said the major, "both small."

The next plane to arrive at the outpost was a hospital ship.

"I'll never be able to make the major believe that I had nothing to do with it," said Kate. "Two Air Evacuation nurses climbed out of the ship. One blonde, one redhead-both small."

BOOKS RECEIVED

As A service to the men and women now in uniform and to their families, as well as to the Legionnaires who want to keep advised of this global war, we will list in this column all new books pertaining to the present war (except fiction and verse) that are sent to our offices by their publishers. All such books will be added to the reference library of the Legion Magazine which comprises one of the most complete First World War libraries in the country.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN AVIATION by Harry Bruno. Garden City Publishing Co., 14 W. 49th St., New York 20, N. Y. \$1.49 A WAR ATLAS FOR AMERICANS (84 new maps and interpretative text.) Simon and Shuster.

and interpretative text.) Simon and Shuster, Inc., Publishers, 1230 Sixth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$2.50 AMERICA UNLIMITED by Eric Johnston. Doubleday, Doran, 14 W. 49th St., New York 20, N. Y. \$2.50

HEAVEN BELOW (a story of China) by E. H. Clayton. Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave.; New York, N. Y.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood, Get Doan's Pills.

Doctor Warns Not To Neglect Athlete's Foot

Look between your toes tonight. If they itch, or if skin is cracked, raw, peeling, or covered with tiny hlisters—it may be Athlete's Foot. Take no chances, Lose no time. Start right in using quick-acting Dr. Scholl's Solvex—the amazingly effective specific formulated by this famous authority on diseases and deformities of the feet. Its effect is immediate in relieving intense itching of Athlete's Foot. Kills the fungi on contact. Helps rapid healing. Dr. Scholl's Solvex (Liquid or Ointment) only 50c. At all Drug, Shoe and Department Stores. Insist on Dr. Scholl's Solvex for Athlete's Foot.



CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If your address has been changed since paying your 1944 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department. The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. Also tell your Post Adjutant what you are doing.

GIVE ALL INFORMATION BELOW

NEW ADDRESS
Name(Please Print)
Street Address, etc
City
State
1944 Membership Card No
Post No
State Dept OLD ADDRESS
Street Address, etc
City
State



You see him...but you don't understand him... He's wings, bars, uniform, youth, high adventure, glamour to the girls, comic strip hero to the kids. His mother's friends say it's so nice that he got a commission!... At home on leave he gags about his job, just good clean fun. His family finds him a little aloof, less talkative... Sometimes he shows up a year later with a ridiculous rank for his age, a double row of ribbons, tired eyes, marked reticence... And some people say enviously, "The lucky stiff"... Listen—



LEARNING TO FLY the Army way isn't lollipops... Each day he dies a little until he learns to put down his natural fear, forces instinct, intellect, nerves to take on hard new habits... anticipates every possible accident, conditions himself to danger... He grows in grace, confidence, and judgment of distance from the ground. "Precision" begins to be more than a word... He breakfasts with a bunkmate who is on his way home by night—in a casket... A few short months and some mighty long moments make him a pilot, more afraid of failure than death...

Put this down in your book: Wings never come cheap!

In the cockpit, he meets Responsibility... charged with a quarter-million dollar plane, nine lives besides his own, kid gunners who expect him to be God at times, a hundred items to check before a take-off; maps, air photographs, flight plans, instructions to get right, and remember...

EVENTUALLY he finds himself garbed and goggled and masked like some monster, slow oozing oxygen . . . unnaturally alert, always apprehensive, incredibly lonely . . . up in an eerie world where unearthly light tries his eyes, thin air threatens blue death in minutes, ravenous cold gnaws at his gloved fingers, fantasy tricks his senses... Evil black blossoms of flak buffet the sky. Fighters close in out of nowhere streaming destruction. A bomber ahead vanishes suddenly in a golden burst. Another sidles down in a smoke trail, spawning specks of parachutes . . . The target far below is vague and gauzy, hard to certify. The twenty second bombing run seems a lifetime ...

Sometimes the return trip is just a long toboggan ride; sometimes a long nightmare nagged by fighters, an anxious inching back with the shot-up ship hard to handle, some dead props and dying men, a landing that leaves him limp. Missions end with missing ships, missing men, sleep that comes harder . . . yet he carries on with the cruelest, lousiest job on earth.

FOR WHAT? Hying pay, rank and ribbons don't mean much if you're dead tomorrow. But these men know, they have found a job bigger than they are... the extermination of maniacs who menace the whole hope and future of all mankind... the stoppage of war at its source to save lives, dirty work,



matériel and time for the ground forces, speed the finish fight... Do you begrudge a bomber crew anything that will make their job

easier, more effective?

Be a patriot—buy another War Bond! Sounds pretty shoddy, doesn't it? . . . For how much of anybody's money will you match your life? Can any amount of Bond sales square one day's losses of bomber crews? Lending money may hurt—but can't kill! Your pledge of a billion would still be small change stacked up with these boys who sign on the dotted line with Death every mission! . . . Any way you figure it, those of us who stay at home, know where we'll be tomorrow—and not the boys in the bombers—are the only "lucky stiffs" in this war. And let's not hold our luck cheap!



This advertisement for the Fifth War Loan is sponsored by Jacobs Aircraft Engine Co., Pottstown, Pa. . . . largest manufacturer of aircraft engines in the medium power class.

"First Show"- 2 words that mean high hope



2 words that mean smooth whiskey "Walker's DeLuxe"



Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Help them "Get there first with the most." Buy more Bonds for Victory * * *

Getting there First with the Most

It's always first with Chesterfields – first for Milder Better Taste—with the most in smoking pleasure for you and all your friends.

Yes, these are the winning qualities you want and expect in a cigarette. Chesterfield does it and says it in 5 Key-words...

RIGHT COMBINATION . WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

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